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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Camp Fire Number Two The Pied Piper

THE mist that hung thick about Al's and Sary's white-topped wagon as they set out again on their travels dissolved as the day advanced. The last white drifts of fog hung for a time against a clear colorful sky, but by noon the brooding blue lay shadowless.

Midmorning found the old couple leaving the marginal strip of rolling prairie for the timber once more. "Just a snap we had," Al said meditatively. "Maybe it won't whisk up cold again for a couple of weeks."

Sary nodded contentedly. "The woods'll be all red and yellor as a blaze in a day or two now," she remarked. "It'll be like drivin' through a forest fire."

The return of the sunshine put the pair into a loitering mood. With the feel of the worn old reins in his calloused hands Al had forgotten his haste of the morning. He pulled up now and then to chat with some farmer who was going whistling about his fall plowing or who perhaps was snapping the rustling ears in a sere cornfield. And once the friendly old couple were delighted with a gift, a huge golden pumpkin that a jovial countryman pressed upon them.

"The pies we will have out o' that, Sary, when we get to Bethel," Al said and chuckled in anticipation.

"Seems like there's mighty clever folks in this neck of the country we're passin' through," remarked Sary.

Evening found the travelers in a warm little nook of timbered hills and valleys that invited them to linger. "Papaws and persimmons up that dry creek bed!" Al cried gleefully and smacked his lips. "I can just smell 'em. An' firewood to throw at the birds. I guess here's where we spend the night, Sary."

Topping the ridge above their camping place, half hidden by sumac and sassafras, was a little red-brown schoolhouse that was perched like a russet squirrel in the very heart of the timber. It had seemed very silent as the two old travelers had crept past it down the curling road—silent and apparently deserted for the day; but not long after the crawling wagon had gone by, a tall, lithe girl had come out of the door and, turning the key in the lock, had struck off into a cow path that led down the slope.



Al smiled his twinkling smile of age for joyous youth

FOUR CAMP FIRES TO BETHEL *By Gertrude West*



Al, who was gathering wood about the camp and chirruping his wander song about the gold of the Sacramento, heard a soft little chuckle behind him and, turning sharply, saw a slim young person standing on the bank of the creek. In her red sweater and red cap she was as bright a bit of color as the sumacs behind her. From one brown hand dangled a tin dinner pail; the other was thrust boyishly into a sweater pocket, and in the crook of the arm were a couple of schoolbooks.

Into her dark-eyed, merry, boyish face Al smiled his twinkling smile of age for joyous youth. "Hello, youngster," he greeted her.

The girl threw back her head in a rollicking laugh. "Youngster," she quoted in cheery banter; "why, I'm the schoolma'am!"

"Heckadoodle!" exclaimed the little old man, straightening up with a chuckle. He shot a quick glance to the smiling Sary. "About how old then, if I may ask," he inquired solemnly, "are the school kids?"

"As old as their teacher, some of them," replied the girl blandly and, sitting down on a log beside the fire, sniffed Sary's savory cooking. "Moving?" she inquired. "Don't you love it? I've got the Romany foot myself."

"Do your folks—travel?" inquired the gentle Sary, and her old eyes gleaned the freshness of the young face.

The girl laughed once more. "Oh, no," she replied. "They've the bad settle-down blood. I'm the only gypsy in my family. So far," she went on, "I've never flitted very far from home, teaching a year here and a year there. But some day"—her dark eyes grew soft and farseeing—"I hope to have a look at the world."

She sat for some time by the fire and even sampled zestfully the crisp sandwich that Sary pressed upon her.

When finally she went swinging off down the road she was whistling a gay little tune that trailed behind her like a redbird's flute.

The two old people watched her tenderly



as she went; they saw her stop at a mail box at a crossroad, take out a handful of papers and then go on slowly. The whistle was stilled as she read a letter.

"Funny," said Al a bit wistfully; "she's just such a girl as we might have had, and yet all three of ours seem to have the settle-down blood, as she called it. I don't know where they came by it."

Sary smiled to herself. She had her own thoughts about where her daughters had got their home-keeping hearts.

Frost came that night in good earnest. All through the sharp silvery dark hours of slumber Al kept rousing to the faint tap and rattle of hickory nuts falling down the dry creek bed and to the heavier thud of big black walnuts dropping from the trees about the wagon.

In the morning while Sary was preparing breakfast he went a little way up the rocky channel to gather his cap full of the big plentiful shell-barks. Pushing through the scarlet sumacs, he stopped stock-still as he came upon something a bit more scarlet—a red sweater flung about the sharply dejected shoulders of a tall girl sitting on a log.

"Heckadoodle!" said the little man in consternation and dropped his capful of nuts with a clatter. "Heckadoodle—why, what ails ye, child?"

In spite of a bit of a quiver about her boyish mouth the young school-teacher looked up with a brave smile. In her brown hands she held an open letter, and her dark eyes were sober, but her voice was still gallant. "I've just been having a bad case of remorse," she replied, and her flippancy seemed to veil a deep earnestness. "There's rather a swarm in my boarding house, so I came out here to pity myself for a while before schooltime."

"Bad news?" inquired Al with his sympathetic eyes on the letter.

"Well," the girl hesitated,—"not exactly. It's in the nature of good news, I suppose, since a friend of mine has been given a commission of responsibility and trust. My sister writes me that he leaves today for Mexico. He is a civil engineer."

"Oho!" said Al softly. A twinkle of human understanding came into his eyes. "So that's how the land lays?"

The girl smiled briefly. "No," she replied, "you're wrong. Only—we were good pals, and I spoiled it all. I called

him a spendthrift and an idler; and now I'm feeling as if I'd like to take it back."

Al sat down on the log beside the girl. "Well," he said, "why don't ye?"

"Why don't I?" repeated the girl half impatiently. She laid two slim fingers against the dial of the little watch on her wrist. "That's why. In an hour I'm due at the schoolhouse up yonder."

Al nodded. "If it wasn't for that," he suggested thoughtfully, "if ye didn't have to be there, is there any way you could manage 'bout sayin' good-by to yer boy?"

"His train," said the girl concisely, "goes through the town three miles from here and stops there twenty minutes for dinner."

"Heckadoodle!" her listener exclaimed and chuckled ruefully; "that close and ye've got to miss him! Say now, wouldn't yer trustees let ye off fer a day, don't ye think? I feel sure they would."

The girl's chin lifted. "Not on your life," she replied with boyish emphasis, and her slim fist thumped her knee emphatically. "You see," she went on to explain, "my getting the school hinged on just that point. It seemed there'd been a pretty little butterfly teacher here last year who was always running off for a day on one pretext or another, and the board of directors didn't like it. They asked me point-blank if I were that kind, and—well, I always flare up like a match. 'No,' I told them, 'depend on it, I'll not leave that schoolhouse one single day this term, provided any pupils are there to be taught.'"

Al nodded soberly. "I see," he said regretfully. "Well, I'm sorry, mighty sorry, but I guess you can write, youngster, maybe, an' set things right. Anyhow I must be goin'."

The little old man strolled off in a leisurely manner, but when the brilliant sumacs had hidden him from the eyes of the girl on the log he broke into a trot and chuckled all the way back to camp.

"Sary," he called breathlessly as he burst panting out upon his wife, "Sary, these shell-barks is the finest I ever see. I guess I'll lay over another day and go hickory nuttin'. Don't you want to go along?"

Sary was not greatly astonished at her husband's sudden announcement, but she shook her head and declined the invitation to join his frolic. "No, I guess not, Al," she said. "I'll sit here in camp and sew a little and rest up."

Busied about the fire, she paid little heed to her husband's preparations, or she would have noticed his unusual haste. He was gathering bags and pails together as hurriedly as if the success of the day depended upon his speed in setting out; and when he was finally ready he trotted off up the slope, swallowing his breakfast as he went.

When he came to the little squirrel-brown schoolhouse he turned into the playground before the door, where a dozen or more children were playing. They stopped their game to look curiously at the little twinkly man with his many buckets and bundles. "Mornin', young uns," he said in a cautious whisper. "Teacher here yit?"

A fearless, pig-tailed little girl made answer: "No, she's late. We're all of us here ahead of her this morning."

"Is this all of ye?" inquired Al.

"Yes," replied a small freckled girl. "The big girls are all out helping with the canning, and the big boys haven't started yet."

"Well, then," said Al, raising his voice, "I'll give ye three guesses who I am and what I'm doin' here, but hurry up 'fore teacher comes, or she'll sp'il the fun."

"Oh, oh, you're Santa Claus!" shouted one tiny voice before Al's words were out of his mouth. "Only your beard is shorter than in the pictures."

The older children laughed uproariously. "Who are you anyway?" inquired the pig-tailed girl.

There was no time to lose. Al cocked his head wisely. "Did you young uns ever hear of that feller that come pipin' through the town?" he inquired. "And the children all followed after him?"

"The Pied Piper!" shouted the group in wild excitement. They had surrounded Al by this time, crowding to be near him, lighting bright, eager eyes to his sunny old face.

"Well," said the old man without the flicker of an eyelash, "that's me."

He drew a thin reedlike object from under his arm and swept off the covering. His hands trembled a trifle as he raised the old flute to his lips; when last its silver notes had led a column it had been to death and battle smoke. But his fingers became steadier as he began to play. Elfin, thin and

sweet as the pipes of Pan a ripple of sound ran through the woods. With a beckoning gesture the little man turned and struck into a trot in an unchartered course through the tall timber, and the fascinated little crowd of children followed at his heels.

When the sharp, incisive strokes of the nine-o'clock school bell overtook the little company they were a mile away, resting like happy fugitives in the heart of a hickory-gilded hollow.

"'Bout now," said Al with a chuckle, "teacher's looking over her little empty schoolhouse and wonderin' if there ain't goin' to be no kids to teach."

The group about him giggled their own appreciation of the situation. "What made you run off with us anyway?" asked the smallest captive, snuggling up to the old man's knee.

Al looked down with warm eyes on the shining head of the child, the same child who had thought he was Santa Claus. "Well," he said, nodding a gentle accompaniment to his words, "you youngsters needed a holiday, and I needed a holiday, and teacher, she needed a holiday most of all. She's come to where, if she sat a-tendin' on you children another day and heard your two times and listened to your a, b—ab's, she'd have lost somethin' you nor me wouldn't have her lose fer a purty: that there crinkly shine in her black eyes. So me bein' old Pied Piper himself, I jist took a notion to see after things."

"And you are the Pied Piper sure enough?" asked the smallest child.

Al nodded solemnly. "Just old Pied Piper," he answered gravely.

"And do you always lead away the children?" said the smallest one of the company again.

"No," replied the old man, "not always." His eyes wore a reminiscent look. "Once I led a file o' men down into a valley full as the p't o' rollin', blood-colored smoke." He checked himself sharply as he saw dawning terror in the wide eyes of the smallest child.

"Don't ye be afraid, kiddy," he said gently with a knotted hand on the yellow head. "Old Pied Piper ain't agoin' to lead ye no sich place as that. We'll jist go through those blazin' sumacs right ahead an' down yon holler, and I feel it in my bones we'll come on to the finest lot o' big shellbarks that ever ye see."

The old man's prophecy proved true. Plunging down with gleeful shouts into the rocky gulch just beyond, the runaways came upon a treasure of huge hickory nuts flung broadcast under the trees.

Al had a bag for each child and a bag for himself. In the joyful scurry after the biggest nuts the still day climbed unnoticed up the sky, and a faint wailing drift of sound from the midday train at the little town three miles away came before they could believe that it was noon.

Poising to listen, Al chuckled softly. "I'll bet she's there," he mumbled to himself. "If she ain't took her chancet an' gone, she ain't the youngster I took her for."

He looked about him at the merry children and up through the laced multicolored branches to the far blue sky. "Some men o' my years," he meditated, "are still tied down to business, and some have stuck so close to it all their days they're broke and ready to pass on. It's funny; I haven't got much o' this world's goods, but we're hale and hearty, Sary and me, and we've raised our youngsters husky and hearty from livin' in the open."

For dinner the runaways lunched on nuts and papaws, wild grapes and persimmons. And since by that time sturdy little legs were lagging a little, Al gathered the children about him in a still nook of the timber and told them stories, old tales of his fighting years, his travels and adventures, touched up a bit in lurid detail by his gay old braggart tongue.

It was late afternoon with the sunshine lying slant through the westward timber when the little company, laden with full bags and pails, started for home.

"It's been a beautiful day," whispered the smallest pupil, trotting close to Al's knee, "and won't you come again, Pied Piper?"

Al smiled down upon her. "I reckon not, honey," he said. "I've never traveled the same road twice, and I'm gettin' too old to begin. But we've had a day we won't ferget anyhow, you youngsters and me and more than likely teacher, too."

At the road that led past the schoolhouse the old man disbanded them and sent them toward their separate homes, tugging each a bag of nuts. "Tell yer pas and mas all about yer day," he charged them, "and tell 'em

this from the Pied Piper: In school and out man, woman or child is better off fer a holiday now and again."

He watched them out of sight, and his hand flapped in response to their good-bys; then he turned and with his own bag of nuts across his shoulder trotted down the road toward camp.

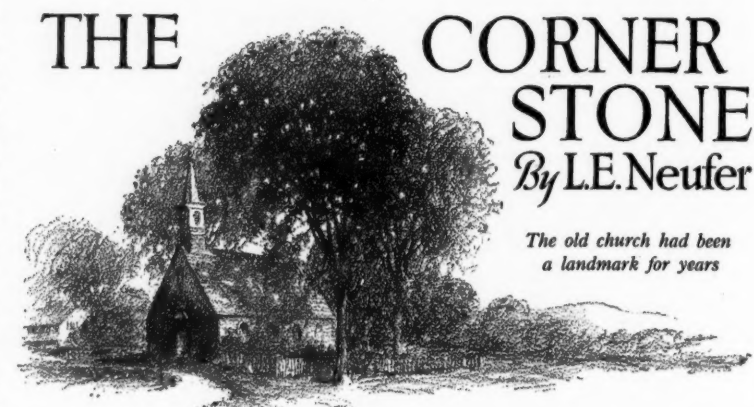
Beside the camp fire in the hollow showed the soft gray of Sary's garments and beyond a flutter of flaunting scarlet.

"I thought at first that a redbird had hopped down to visit our camp," the little old man said banteringly as he lowered the heavy bag of nuts to the ground, "and then I saw that it was the schoolma'am's red cap and coat. Have ye had a right hard day with the scholars, youngster?"

But the young teacher's dark eyes, merry and accusing, were upon him, and Sary's eyes too were full of gentle laughter. Al broke from guilelessness into a happy chuckle.

"If you only knew," said the girl, and her warm young voice was suddenly tremulous, "how much this day has meant to me!"

"It don't take but one look at yer face, youngster," said Al, "to know ye ketched yer train and fixed things up, but at that ye ain't had no better day than the old Pied Piper and that there little school he borrowed this mornin' had. Come, let's have supper; I find I'm as hungry as a bear. Set up, youngster, and have a bite with us. Sary, old gal, we've got to pull out early in the mornin'; we've lost two whole days, and 'tain't but two more camp fires to Bethel."



The old church had been a landmark for years

NOTHING for a long time had caused such excitement in our quiet neighborhood. Father had seen the posted notice in the old churchyard on the way home from town that afternoon. Mother was much shocked. We two boys—Thomas was two years older than I and just turned eighteen—were greatly excited. This was the reason: the old church was listed for public sale. The notice said that the building but not the ground was to be sold to the highest bidder, and the purchaser must move it within sixty days.

The sale might have seemed a usual thing enough except for the circumstances surrounding it. The old church had been a landmark for years. It was a small brick structure partly overgrown with ivy, and it had a neat belfry. It was in tolerable repair, since as far back as father could remember the neighbors had banded together to keep it in good order. No services had been held in it for many years; the larger, modern church at Brown's Corners, a mile and a half to the east, now served the neighborhood as a community centre. A graveyard completed the church property, and it too had been used but rarely and only by the descendants of those families like the Mackys and the Wrights whose names appeared on many of the ancient tombstones. The burying ground took a quarter of an acre out of father's one hundred and sixty. The church and the grounds about it took a like area out of Potts's one hundred and sixty.

Potts was one of the trustees of the old church and also a member of the newer church, to which we also belonged, but a tighter-fisted man never breathed. Long ago Bill Nilet on his way home from school wrote the words "Pinch Potts" on his hitching rail, and the entire neighborhood knew it before Potts found it out. Bill suffered a trouncing at home, but the name stuck to Potts long after Bill had left us.

"Pinch Potts" had gone to the trouble of looking up the grant of church property and had found to his joy that the ground would revert to the original piece of land if ever it remained out of use for a period of twenty-five years. However, the trustees had to give due notice of the sale of any property on the land and allow sufficient time for its removal. The proceeds of the sale were to be given to the nearest active church.

George Worthy and Jacob Neusn were the other trustees. Father had once been a trustee, but several years before, Potts had suggested that both father and he resign and appoint other good neighbors in their stead, and father had obligingly agreed. As it happened the trustees could consider only one resignation at a time if they were to keep a voting majority, and the outcome was that after the trustees had accepted father's resignation and

appointed Jacob Neusn in his stead Potts had neglected to hand in his own.

Father never said much about that cheap bit of politics, for he was ever a peaceful man, but Mary, our sister, who learned the fact from mother, told us boys that father had been much wrought up at the time. Thomas, who always seemed to find out things in a mysterious manner, discovered that George Worthy and Jacob Neusn had each a good-sized first mortgage on his farm and, moreover, that Potts held the mortgages!

Well, you can put two and two together, as we did at home that night. Anyone could see how Potts hoped to profit by the sale. If nothing prevented, the property would revert to him. With that thought in mind he had managed to have the sale when work was heaviest on the farms and the requirement that the building should be removed within sixty days would deter most bidders. He was going to have that building himself! With no bidder to compete against him he could put his own price on the property and thus obtain a tool shed cheap. That was plainly his intention, since the church almost joined the rest of his buildings.

The queerest thing about the whole affair was that after a little brief excitement the neighborhood settled down and seemed to accept the situation. Potts assured everyone that he intended to bid every penny the building was worth and that the money would materially lighten the financial burden on the community church.

Nevertheless as the date of the sale drew near there was still considerable latent indignation in the community. Some of the men did not have any exalted opinion of Potts, and I know that father was among them.

One evening after chores a week or so before the sale Thomas suggested that we walk over to the old church. It was an hour or so before sunset. The quiet of evening prevailed, and we could hear distant farmyard sounds clearly. Thomas had a calculating mind, and I was not at all astonished when he asked me to help him to determine the number of bricks in the old structure. We counted bricks high and bricks wide until dusk. Then, producing from his pockets a pencil and paper, he set down his calculations. He multiplied the number by half the current price of bricks and decided that the value of the building was approximately sixty dollars.

Before leaving he parted the ivy at the corner, and we saw the old corner stone overgrown with lichens and moss. Carefully cleaning away the growth of years, we peered together at the date carved on it, 1804.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Thomas ejaculated in astonishment.

Without explaining his excitement, he carefully replaced the vines; then we started for

home. Rounding the corner, we came full upon Potts; he was standing with folded arms; his thin lips were smiling, and his cold eyes were surveying the building.

"Thomas and John Mathews, what be ye doin' here?" he exclaimed at sight of us.

"We were just looking around, Mr. Potts," replied Thomas.

"Be a lot more good for you young uns to look for home."

"We were not aware that we were trespassing," replied Thomas.

"Just the same—just the same as," angrily replied Potts.

We made for the road with as good grace as possible, but anger burned within us. In the road Thomas doubled his fists, but in almost the same instant he looked at me and laughed.

The events of the next few days occurred so rapidly that even now I wonder how so many important things could have been crowded into that short time. Thomas acted queerly. I was never in his confidence. He had several serious talks with father, who seemed anxious to discourage whatever idea was in the mind of the boy. Then Thomas wrote to one of father's bankers in Columville and refused to let me see the return letter.

The day of the old church sale arrived like any other clear summer day. It was just after corn planting. A few neighbors had gathered, and I suppose all told there were as many as twelve of us, counting father, Thomas and me.

That morning Thomas had borrowed thirty dollars of me,—all my savings,—but I had in exchange as security his two pure-bred Jerseys. Besides, he promised me that if I would help him he would give me a share of whatever profit he made. Of course I knew he intended to bid against Potts on the old church, and I would have promised anything to help Thomas get ahead of the old skinflint, and I told him so. But when old Mr. Partlett, the auctioneer, began to rattle off the terms and conditions of the sale little creepy sensations started to race up and down my back.

"And now, gentlemen," he concluded, "you have heard the terms of this sale. What am I offered for the splendid brick structure that you see before you? I'll make it easy. Who'll start it at one hundred dollars?"

Not a voice responded.

"Well, fifty, then," called the auctioneer. There was no response.

"Well, what will you give? Make it anything! What do I hear to start?"

Out of a silence like that of the grave came Potts's bid: "I'll give five dollars."

Every man gasped, and I saw father reden.

"I'm offered five dollars! Do I hear twenty-five? Twenty—fifteen—ten? What will you give?"

"I'll give six," called Thomas.

Everyone stared at the boy, and Potts said something under his breath.

Assured by the grins round the small circle that fun was in prospect, the auctioneer warmed to the work and called: "I'm offered six. Who'll make it ten?"

"Ten," snarled Potts.

"Eleven," responded Thomas before the call for the next bid.

Potts turned to father. "This is your doin's, Henry Mathews."

"It's the boy's own bid," father replied quietly.

Potts bid fifteen, and Thomas bid sixteen; and thus they kept up the comedy until after a long period of hesitation Potts had bid fifty-five dollars.

The auctioneer promptly called for sixty. Thomas bid true to form: "I'll give fifty-six."

Almost all the men were joking and laughing. Even father smiled. Potts lost his temper completely and made as if to start for Thomas. But Thomas did not budge.

The auctioneer called in vain; Potts would not raise the bid. Instead he muttered something about the young ape's not being able to get the building off on time, and his getting it anyway. Then he left, much to the amusement of everyone, including the auctioneer.

Father wasn't pleased, and mother was even less so. I thought the whole affair was unfortunate, for several of the neighbors



Potts lost his temper completely and made as if to start for Thomas

started the story that it was father's doings to spite old Potts. That was anything but pleasant to the ears of our people, and at the supper table a night or so later father plainly told Thomas that we could not spare the teams to haul away the bricks and that even less could we spare the time to tear the old structure down. He added that personally he could not touch a brick of the old church. He was sure that Thomas had lost his head and his money besides. It would be a dear lesson, but he offered to give him the next pure-bred Jersey calf to start him again.

Thomas had little to say. I could see that



Before leaving he parted the ivy

he felt bad about the affair because father and mother felt bad. Mary and also Louise, our younger sister, thought that old "Pinch" had been served right.

After chores several days later Thomas remarked that there would be a full moon that night.

"Is that so?" I replied. "After a hard day's work a full moon will look best to me in the Land of Nod."

"Listen, John; I need your help tonight," he said earnestly.

I never could refuse him when he spoke in that tone, but I said: "Now see here, Thomas, father said no stealing watermelons."

"I don't intend to steal anything," he replied.

Giving me a bar and a chisel, he took a sledge and a hammer, and we set forth for the old church. Reaching it, we sat in the shadows and waited for the lights to disappear in Potts's house, which was scarcely more than sixty feet away.

I was considerably excited by that time, and I think that Thomas was too. We cautiously made ready to work. He warned me to work quietly. Making as little noise as possible, Thomas started to loosen the bricks immediately above the old corner stone. Then I thought I understood; there was something in the stone that he wanted, but what it was I could not guess. The mortar gave away readily, and by midnight we had a considerable hole cleared above the stone. From time to time Thomas would reach in his hand and

ask me to do the same. I felt nothing but the flat top of the old stone and told him so.

At last he turned to me and said, "I guess we're on a fool's errand all right."

"I never thought anything else," I replied. "What was it you expected to find?"

As I spoke I was idly brushing brick dust from the top of the stone. "It's queer," I added, "but when they cut this stone they left the edges smooth and didn't smooth the centre."

Instantly Thomas was alert. "Let me feel. Where is the sledge?"

Grasping the sledge firmly, he brought it down with as much force as he could in the small space. The blow left a large hole. Thrusting both hands into it, he cleaned the mortar carefully away—for it was merely a thin shell of mortar that I had felt instead of the rough stone—and in a few seconds lifted into the moonlight a wooden box about two inches thick and eight inches square.

With trembling hands we replaced the bricks as best we could and hid the hole with the ivy vines; and just as we were starting for home a light appeared in the Potts's house. "My land," Thomas said, "we're lucky we didn't get old Pinch out here to investigate!"

Father had risen and was building the kitchen fire for breakfast as we returned—we got up early during that busy time. An explanation was necessary, and Thomas gave it. Father always took the word of either of us without question, and we were proud of it.

Mother and the girls were up when Thomas and father opened the wooden box, and we all examined the contents together. They consisted of a long description of the laying of the corner stone and the names of those who had built the church. There was an account of the grant and of all details regarding the several entries of it in the county records. There was an old Bible, the pages of which were well preserved, and lying in the bottom loosely was a silver dollar, the date of which Thomas assured me was the same as the date of the laying of the corner stone, 1804.

That day passed slowly for me. Thomas had gained permission to go to Columville. Father was absent-minded. I felt sleepy, and when I was in the house the girls bothered me with questions that Thomas alone could answer; they insisted that we should have gone to the old church in daylight and wanted to know why Thomas went to Columville.

Thomas returned rather late in the evening but in excellent spirits. He handed father a slip of paper, and for once in his life father was not ready with words. Several times he glanced at the paper and back to the face of Thomas before he spoke.

"Son,"—it was always "son" when father was about to punish us,—"this is a draft payable to yourself for twenty-five hundred dollars! That would more than pay the mortgage on this place! Explain!"

"Well, father," replied Thomas, smiling, "I had an idea when John and I first saw the

date 1804 on the old corner stone that without a doubt we could find a silver dollar of that date inside, for I've heard you say that when you were a boy they often put into church corner stones records, a Bible and a silver dollar of the same year that the stone was laid.

"I knew from our last trip to Columville, when you borrowed money at the People's Bank, that Mr. Essay wanted the halfpenny you gave me long ago; he offered me fifty cents for it. He has a nice collection of old coins, so I wrote and asked him what an 1804 silver dollar would be worth. He wrote that a good one might bring thirty-five hundred dollars from certain collectors, depending on its condition. He said today that this one ought to be worth twenty-five hundred. He will sell it for me. If it brings more, then of course I'll get more. But it was tarnished quite a bit."

"Well! Well!" was all that father could say.

"That," Thomas continued, "is why I outbid old Pinch on the church. However, John and I counted the bricks beforehand. I had depended on getting a team and hauling them at a small profit. I had forgotten that we needed the teams at home in the fields."

"No," father said, "you won't need to touch the old church. I have a few plans about that myself."

"Wouldn't Potts boil if he knew this!" said Mary, laughing.

"Why didn't you go in the daytime to the old church?" father asked us.

"We were there once in the daytime, and three made a crowd," replied Thomas with a smile. "I thought what old Potts didn't know wouldn't hurt him."

Then father smiled too.

Thomas lent him the money, and soon we were mortgage free. What was better yet, Thomas divided with me to the extent of a third, and then father gave us each his note for the correct amount; and as Thomas wished to start to college in a year father arranged to make payments on the note as he needed money for his expenses. He had paid the community church treasurer the fifty-six dollars and had returned my loan. Later father made the girls each a present. Mother kept the old Bible. In later years I have wondered whether we should not have given more to the community church. Of course we were under no legal obligation to do so, and none of us thought at the time of the other aspect of the case. It's a question that different persons would decide differently.

Unknown to our father, Thomas and I made Potts a little call a few evenings later. Thomas offered to sell him the church at almost any price, and Potts was highly elated. He told Thomas that he knew all the time that the boy was acting like a young ape and that he himself would get the building after all. He thought the incident would "teach Hen Mathews a thing or two." Then he ordered us to be gone. Thus the old church was in a fair way to fall into the old miser's clutches after all and without costing him a cent. Now that the neighbors had had time to think they saw the affair in a different light; they saw only a little business enterprise of Thomas's that had failed, and many made offers of a team or a man for a day, but Thomas courteously declined.

As a matter of fact farm work kept us too busy for outside tasks. We discussed the matter several times at home, but father would only remark that we ought to be willing

Drawings by Evelyn McConnell



to keep quiet. Consequently when the immediate excitement was over we all resumed the usual routine duties, and the neighbors did likewise. Thomas and I turned our energies

into other channels and let Potts prepare to take possession in peace—which was entirely to his liking, for getting something for nothing was a delight to old "Pinch Potts."

MOTHERS AND BIRTHDAYS

By Mabel McKee

DRAWINGS BY A. C. WILLIAMSON



Nadine never had heard him speak so sharply

SNOW falling thick, wind blowing it here and there in sharp, raw gusts, leaden clouds everywhere through which now and then wonderful sunlight pierced; such was the 29th of January. Almost everyone in East Winston who looked at the clouds felt blue, some indeed so blue that they couldn't appreciate the sunshine at all. Quite the bluest of all of them was Nadine Reid, who happened to be fifteen years old on that changeable day, and who was willing to declare it the unhappiest day of her life.

"Now what is the use of a birthday if you can't choose your own gift?" she asked at breakfast. "You offered to refurbish my room and now you refuse to buy things I want for it."

"But, Nadine," her mother began and then looked appealingly at the girl's father.

Dr. Reid frowned and put down his paper. "The price of the things you want in that room would furnish a whole corridor in the new hospital," he said sharply. "I won't pay so much as that for furniture for one room!" Nadine never had heard him speak so sharply. "I'll talk it over with your mother," he added, "and give her a check for the amount she thinks reasonable; then you two can go shopping together."

The doctor had wanted his wife to buy the furniture and give it to Nadine as other folks gave things to their children. But mother knew Nadine better than he did. For Nadine half the joy of the day would lie in seeking the furniture and draperies herself. Mrs. Reid had not dreamed that her daughter had already visited the stores and made her list.

There was silence while Dr. Reid finished his coffee and paper together. He kissed his wife good-by and then kissed Nadine's cheek. Without a backward glance he was out of the room on his way to the hospital. Mother and Nadine were never alarmed over his abrupt ways; he was always preoccupied when he had a critical operation to perform, and that morning he was to perform an unusually critical one.

Mrs. Reid looked through the windows at the changeable January sky just as a brilliant gleam of sunlight shot between two of the heavy gray clouds. "O Nadine, dear!" she cried. "See the sunshine! I believe you're going to have a beautiful birthday after all."

The same gleam of sunlight was visible all over town, even down at the city hospital, even in the little, bare charity rooms at the back of the building. It lingered at one window, flashed through it and lay like a strip of gold across Bertha Hanney's bed.

Laughingly Bertha caught at it with her hands. She had just said to the nurse, who was making her tidy for the day, "Birthdays couldn't be any other way except happy when you have a mother to be happy with you; now could they?"

The nurse smiled and patted Bertha's thin little hand; she couldn't speak. She wondered how many girls who were having their fifteenth birthday could smile like that over a box of paper flowers, Bertha's only birthday gift. She wondered how many girls could smile at all if the doctor had told them only the day before that they would have to stay

in a steel brace for at least a year if they didn't want to have a crooked back.

"Now, my dear," she said after a little while, "wouldn't you like to have me bring you a vase from my room for your flowers? You couldn't help liking the vase; my mother gave it to me when I was a little girl."

Bertha nodded and looked lovingly at the box of paper flowers that her mother had left that morning on her way to work. They were tall yellow jonquils and purple irises. "Mother went to the night school especially to learn to make them for me," she confided to the nurse. "They are so natural you can almost smell them; now, can't you?"

Then the nurse thought of a beautiful plan. She would slip in while Bertha slept that afternoon and drop a little of her most expensive perfume on the flowers; that would make them seem almost natural. A little while later she slipped away after the vase.

Back at Dr. Reid's home Nadine was ready for school; she was going on the street car that morning. Usually her father took her to the high school in his automobile on his way to the hospital, but that morning he had been in too great a hurry. Her mother was fluttering about her, seeing that every pin was in its proper place.

"Wear some of your birthday roses," she said gently. "The girls will like them, I'm sure. And, dear, don't forget to give them away. You have so many at home."

In her heart Mrs. Reid wished that they did not always have to remind Nadine to be generous. Sometimes she excused her daughter's selfishness by saying that an only child was always a little selfish. But secretly she thought of unselfishness and greater love as the favors that she wanted fortune to bestow on Nadine's pretty, girlish shoulders.

In the lower hallway Nora, the maid, was

talking to a boy. As Nadine and her mother started down the stairs together Nora held up a leather case. "It's the doctor's case of instruments," she called. "He lost 'em in the snow, and this boy found them."

While her mother talked to the boy Nadine slipped into her scarlet velours coat and her tam-o'-shanter. Then she turned toward the bag. She remembered that her father had wanted the instruments for his operation that morning. A glance at the hall clock showed her that she had time to take them to the hospital on her way to school. She told her mother and Nora where she was going.

Waiting at the corner for the car, she frowned at the falling snow, the dark clouds and the white ground. She wished that her birthday were in June; there could be a beach party then. But a stiff, formal library party such as her mother was giving that evening she was sure would be little fun.

She rode past the high school to the hospital, hurried up the long walk between the rows of evergreen trees and, going into the corridor, rang the bell. While she was waiting for the hall girl the nurse with the vase for Bertha's flowers came toward the stairway.

"Why, Miss Nelson,"—Nadine knew all the nurses at the hospital,— "I have a vase exactly like that!"

The hall girl appeared just then, took the doctor's case and a message for him from Nadine. When Nadine turned to the nurse again she saw a misty look in her eyes. "You're not blue, are you?" she asked. "This is a blue day and—"

"It's a happy day for my dearest little patient," Miss Nelson interrupted her.

Half reverently then the nurse told the story of Bertha Hanney's birthday and of her one gift, the box of paper flowers from her mother. She repeated what Bertha had said: "Birthdays couldn't be any other way except happy when you have a mother to be happy with you; now could they?"

A hot wave of color flashed across Nadine's face. Birthdays and mothers and happiness! They really were so closely joined if people were only wise enough to see. Sudden regret took the place of the childish disappointment she had been harboring.

"Oh!" she cried and caught at Miss Nelson's arm. "I want to see that girl. I want to give her my birthday roses. Today is my birthday, and I—why, I have everything!"

Miss Nelson started up the stairway. She knew that the other girl's happiness was contagious, and she wanted the doctor's spoiled daughter to feel the sway of it as soon as possible. She almost pushed Nadine down the corridor to the little room.

Bertha Hanney grew radiant at sight of her visitor. She had seen the doctor's daughter many times and had long hoped that Nadine would stop at her door some day so that she could hear her voice. And now she was talking to her! She was saying that they had the same birthday, and that she wanted to share her roses with her.

Bertha's thin little fingers closed over the pink roses while she held them close to her face. Then she laid them on her pillow and reached for the long box of purple irises. She counted out exactly half of the flowers. "I have to keep some," she said and handed one of the clusters to Nadine. "My mother made them for me, and the very nicest things that I can have are made by my mother."

With the paper flowers in her arms Nadine stooped low over the girl's bed and kissed her. "I'm going to see you again today," she said. "We have to do something together on our birthday, old twin!"

There were big tears in her eyes when she reached the outside hall. At the foot of the steps they were dropping down her cheeks, and in the shelter of the entrance hall she cried frankly. When she was through crying and felt happier she started on to school; she had fastened the paper flowers to the belt of her coat, where the pink roses had been.

At noon she wore them home to luncheon. As Dr. Reid was still at the hospital, the table was set for only two. When Nadine reached it she carried a vase containing the paper irises and gravely put it in the centre of the cloth. Then before she touched a bit of food she told her mother the whole story of Bertha Hanney and her birthday.

"I want to eat supper with her," Nadine finished. "I wondered if you couldn't bake me a birthday cake such as you used to make, mother, and put candles on it. After school I could come after it and have a little party right in Bertha Hanney's room."

Mrs. Reid's heart leaped when she understood that Nadine wanted to eat supper with the little crippled girl in the charity ward. "It's her old impulsive self she used to show so often," she thought.

Aloud she said, "Of course I will, dear, I'll bring it to the hospital; I want to be at the party. Let's have Bertha Hanney's mother too. Let's make it a wonderfully happy party for both of them!"

Nadine's eyes sparkled. "O mother, dear," she exclaimed, "can't I give her one of my birds? It could sing in her room all day long. She likes flowers that smell; Miss Nelson, the nurse, said she did. Of course then she would love a bird that would sing."

"Of course," echoed Mrs. Reid.

With a rush the two of them went on with their plans for the birthday supper in the charity room; they almost forgot the big, formal party that was to come later in the evening at home. Nora, unpacking French pastry in the kitchen, wondered at the laughter in the dining room. She wondered whether Mrs. Reid had given in to Nadine in the matter of the furniture she wanted.

Just as the last of the French pastry was unpacked Mrs. Reid came into the kitchen and began to hunt ingredients for the birthday cake. Nora's amazement was then complete. The last big birthday cake in the Reid home had been made two years before. Nadine had said then that she wanted no more, that they were just for babies! But now Mrs. Reid was saying that Nadine had asked her to bake one! What could have happened?

Five hours later the big pink-and-white cake with its fifteen gay, blazing little candles was sitting on a table in Bertha Hanney's room, now no longer bare. There were new curtains at the window, a delft-blue spread on her bed, delft-blue candlesticks and shades on the dresser and a little blue-and-white rocker in the centre of the floor. A canary in a blue-and-white cage sang close to the window, near which Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Hanney were sitting together, talking.

The bird and cage had come from Nadine's room. Mrs. Reid had brought the other gifts. Now she waited with hope high in her heart and with it also a feeling akin to fear. It would be tragic if Nadine didn't make complete the joy of the little lame girl by bringing more happiness to the room.

Suddenly there was a rush of footsteps in the hall, and Nadine burst in with her arms full of bundles. Before she saw her mother or Mrs. Hanney or the change in the room she began talking. "I bought some birthday presents, Bertha!" she announced. "They're exactly alike, and I think you'll have to hide mine so I won't peep at them until the party really begins."

Her mother's laugh made Nadine see the two women in the room. One moment she hesitated; the next she ran to her mother and hugged her while she unwrapped the bundles, once more a little girl joyous over shopping. "I robbed my own bank," she said, laughing. "But I wanted to surprise myself."

Two rose crêpe kimonos slipped out of the bundles, two white-and-rose caps exactly alike and two pairs of rose silk slippers. Nadine held the garments up for Bertha to inspect and tipped one cap on her own head and the other on Bertha's. The act began the party in earnest.

Dr. Reid left his patient in order to be a guest for a moment at the birthday party. He enjoyed particularly the candles on the cake and the ice cream moulded in the shape of hearts. He patted the sick girl's head and held

The act began the party in earnest



his own daughter close in his arms. He didn't know what miracle had brought about the change in Nadine, but he welcomed it more than anyone knew. Once again he had his little girl back, as unspoiled as she had been before she had learned to think of luxury as the only path to happiness. "Don't stay too late," he whispered. "There's a party on at our own house, remember."

Nadine's face drooped a moment and then grew happy again. It wouldn't be so bad after all, for she could tell the girls about Bertha. Perhaps they too would visit her.

Dr. Reid felt in his pocket for something. "Oh," he whispered again, "here's a check for

you, dear. I think perhaps you should have the room the way you want it."

"No, sir! No, sir! I don't want that check!" Nadine said emphatically. "I want my room the way mother and I will decide. I want her to make it pretty—just as she did this room."

Dr. Reid looked deep into his daughter's eyes. "I really believe you're having a happy birthday," he said.

Back came the answer almost as quickly as the two girlish arms went round his neck. "Why, of course I'm happy, father! Birthdays couldn't be any other way except happy when you have a mother to be happy with you; now could they, Bertha Hanney?"

woodcraft or the art of trapping, no man could have supplied us with more authentic information. But one thing he did tell us as an afterthought, a few minutes later, that was significant. He said that a negro by the name of Pino Howard, a riverman of rather shady reputation, had come on board the black vessel and had not been made to work, and, moreover, had been permitted to depart. It looked to us as if Pino might have been acting as pilot for the sea vampire.

As Jesse finished talking we were aware of a deep throbbing that seemed to come from the direction of the river. At first all of us thought that the black vessel was again heading out to sea. Then I distinctly heard the tide, which was only a few feet from where we were sitting, suck away strangely out of the bay where we had tied the Undine. Over us the great oaks, which had been mournfully silent, were suddenly alive with tremulous murmurings. In the dim firelight I watched the keen face of Mobile, alert and intelligent.

had left her. The tide now was almost normal. But if we had had any doubts about what had just happened, the extraordinary tumult of the surf would have convinced us that there had been a tidal wave. Never have I heard roaring so wild and continuous. I don't know how the other men of our party felt about the matter, but throughout all that adventurous period the thought of a great tidal-wave disaster was always in my mind.

"If we get another such tidal wave—a harder one, I mean," said Captain Pinner, "all I have to say is, 'Fight the ship!'"

From where we were standing we had a view of the river darkly glimmering under starlight. All of us now heard and then distinctly saw our black vessel carrying a formidable white wave once more heading seaward. We marked the soft throbbing of the mighty engines, and a little later we noticed the heavy waves that she rolled into the little bay where the Undine was tied.

That night despite the insect pests that swarmed upon us from the marshland and from the heavy red cedar jungle at the mouth of the river we lay aboard the sloop. Few of us slept except Jesse; he, who was as wholesomely capable of banishing the immediate past as of ignoring the immediate future, not only slept profoundly but snored with mournful insistence. Sam Pinner and I talked a good deal in whispers and laid our plans for the morrow. Though Jesse had disappointed us in the matter of information, we thought that probably he would be able to guide us through the wild and solitary Wittee Lake country.

Day was breaking when we got away from the night's anchorage. The tide was low, but it was coming in, and we stood up the river with a fresh breeze behind us. Anyone who has not seen such a river at such an hour can have no idea of the beauty and majesty of it. Behind us the sky was brightening into the lovely lights of a September morning. Before us the great river stretching to the northwest lay veiled in mantles of golden mist that in rising disclosed on our left the mighty reaches of Black Bull Marsh and farther on the beginnings of the huge pine forest, and on our right, with many marsh birds flying above it, a sea of dewy, trembling green, the mysterious delta country—so strange, so lovely, so inviting and yet so forbidding.

We swept on past scenes long familiar to me into a region little known to any of us except Jesse. But two hours after our start from the river mouth when all the world was brilliantly alight with gaudy sunshine even Jesse began to return somewhat vague answers to our many questions concerning the shore line, the creeks that withdrew from the river and the dense growth of trees marking swamps on the eastern side.

"I don't know how to name them," the negro hunter would say, "but I know them all. I frequent come here," he added, laughing, "to visit the halligators. They know me." "Yes," said Mobile with his grim humor, "dem big bullfrog know you. They is the halligators' watchmen. Many a night I done hear them singing, 'Jesse is here! Jesse is here!'" He imitated a bullfrog's deep bass so well that he set all of us to laughing.

As we were rounding a broad bend in the river Jesse, who had been studying the shore line carefully, suddenly pointed ahead at a vast wilderness gray with spectral moss everywhere draping ancient trees—a savage, sad, forbidding place. "You see dat swamp?" he said in a confident voice. "Dat's where Wittee Lake is, 'bout two miles in from the ribber."

"You can take us there, can't you, Jesse?" I asked.

"I done been there in a small boat," he said; "and I know an old channel that this sloop might navigate if it ain't blocked off."

"Where did that steamer run you down, Jesse?" Rodney asked.

"Back yonder," the negro answered, pointing down the river. "Dat boat," he went on, "didn't take no notice of me. I lost my good canoe."

"I should say she took a little too much notice of you," Rodney suggested.

Ahead of us was a cypress point, and while we were still three hundred yards off round it suddenly came a huge rowboat manned by at least ten people! We could hardly have been more astonished had a sea serpent risen to the surface. Then we concluded that the boat was from the black ship, and Rodney returned aft, where he picked up the rifle and laid it across his knees. What in the world, we wondered, could a boatful of strangers be doing in a country so solitary that even Jesse Melon was uncertain of his bearings?

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHIMERA OF WITTEE LAKE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter Four

We venture up the river

THE cry of warning from Jesse Melon that we must instantly clear the Undine or else be rammed by the onrushing vessel caused us to act speedily. At a word from Captain Pinner, Mobile and Jesse sprang for the anchor rope and in a moment had lightened it. Pinner swung the tiller hard alee, and our craft responded. Rodney and I shipped two long oars, which enabled us to move the Undine sharply toward the shore. We managed by working in concert to change the position of the sloop very quickly; but that black vampire of the sea evidently discovered our design and veered swiftly, terribly toward us.

"Cut the anchor rope!" cried Captain Pinner.

I saw Mobile's knife flash down on the wet hawser holding the anchor. The sloop rebounded from the suddenly released weight. Rodney and I pulled manfully on the oars. But we were in great peril; the powerful craft was roaring down upon us.

Fortunately, Sam Pinner was a good man at the tiller; at the last moment he turned the bow of the Undine toward the approaching destroyer. Whether because of his skill or because of the deliberate intervention of a kind Providence I know not, but the fact is that the vessel plunging down blackly and murderously only grazed us, though she almost overwhelmed us with her wave. She left us heaving in a most distracted and bewildered fashion, but still with a sound hull.

Quietly directed by Sam Pinner, whose anger over the amazing incident made him dangerously cool, the four of us hurriedly worked the little Undine shoreward. Though we were yet some distance from the marsh-fringed bank of the delta, we were in moderately shoal water; and soon we were safe from another such dastardly attack.

We were so busy working the Undine into the shelter of the shore that we had little to say to one another; but when we had safely got our sloop into a little bay that withdrew from the river just where Cedar Island meets the delta and the Undine was effectively hidden by tall marsh and by great live oaks whose immense limbs shot away level from their trunks, we went ashore and straightway called a council of war. There under those century-old trees with their giant arms extending protectingly over us we were securely hidden. To keep away humbler enemies like mosquitoes we built a smudge fire and sat about it in a circle on the ground.

"First of all, Jesse," said Captain Pinner, who as an honest fisherman and sailor was deeply outraged over the business through which we had just passed, "we want you to tell us about this pirate craft, for so I call her. Who is she, and what kind of game is she playing?"

"Dat boat," said Jesse, feeling a new dignity in being asked to testify before all of us who were so eager to listen, "dat boat done run me down in the ribber last Tuesday."

"Were you on your way to Wittee Lake?" "Yes, sah, to look for Mr. Lamar's two sons."

"Have you seen or heard anything of them?"

"Dat boat," Jesse explained, "didn't give me a chance to find them. She just run me down; and I might have drowned," he added gloomily.

"Then you didn't get so far as the lake?" "No, Cap'n Abner. And I been gwine on my own steady business till dat boat she done

come down on me and swamp my canoe near by dat place you call Wampee Creek."

"What's her name?" Rodney asked. "What kind of people are aboard her?"

In the firelit darkness we saw the good-natured Jesse grin. "I dunno how for tell you, sah," he answered; "wild people for sure. I can't tell what they talk 'bout. They don't talk same fashion like you and me."

"Foreigners," said Captain Pinner.

"They act like Bolsheviks!" Rodney cried.

"Did they treat you well?" I asked Jesse.

"No, sah!" he answered with the strongest disdain and resentment. "They done make me work!"

"Jesse would rather have them kill him than put him to work," said Mobile, laughing grimly.

"Then you don't know these people?" Pinner asked. "Nor the name of their vessel?"

"No, sah," Jesse admitted, "but I know the Undine, and when I see her lying at anchor and we gwine by I jump off and swim to you."

"Did you see that big vessel ashore off Shark Island?" I inquired. "Do you think those fellows who made you a prisoner had anything to do with wrecking her?"

But Jesse had not seen the vessel; in fact as a witness he was disappointing. Had we been questioning him on the fine points of



The vessel plunging down blackly and murderously only grazed us



"I feel the ground shaking," he said in a tone of alarm.

All of us felt several slight but distinct shocks. There was a strange momentary lull in the roar of the surf on the seabeaches; then the mighty trembling began again with unwonted fury. At the same time I saw a glimmer of quiet water

lapping the high ground where we were seated. In a few moments the tide had risen a foot. And all about us there were sibilant murmurs of rising waters starting old stranded sedge piles and gurgling into sluices and holes. From the huge marshes of the delta came sudden startled cries of birds and beasts, and far off on a reedy headland I heard a wild bull begin to low in a melancholy fashion.

All of us were now on our feet.

"An earthquake!" cried Rodney.

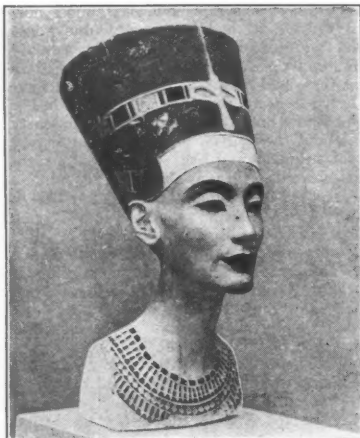
"If it's a tidal wave," I said, "these oaks are our best chance for safety."

So rooted are such great trees on the coast that they can withstand the onslaught of almost any convulsion of nature.

But Sam Pinner was not of my mind. "I'd rather be aboard the Undine," he said; "she'd outlive any wave that rolls."

"But this is different—" I tried to explain, but he would not listen.

We felt no further earth tremors, and gradually our fears began to subside. We walked back to the Undine and found her just as we



Queen Nefertiti
The mother-in-law of Tutenkhamun

FACT AND COMMENT

LETTING A MAN follow the wrong course because he is your friend is mistaken kindness.

Little, hobbling on his Crutch,
Hurries to the Side of Much.

LET THE YOUNG LADY who would be "pretty as a picture" beware of an ugly frame of mind.

ONE REASON why farm products are not so high-priced as other things is that the demand for most farm products is not cumulative. People cannot put off eating till another year and then come to the table with a double appetite.

TURNING FROM TRIALS OF SPEED, the Army Air Service is planning a four-stop route between New York and Peking by way of Nome and Bering Strait. It figures that the flying time between New York and the Chinese capital will be sixty-five hours and the fare about \$1200 a passenger.

FROM TIME TO TIME various magazines have urged trout fishermen to use a barbless hook. A skillful fisherman would lose few fish through lack of a barb, and he could release an undersized fish without tearing its gills or holding it so tight as to rub off its protective covering of slime. Those who have tried fishing with a barbless hook find it more exciting and more humane, which means more sportsmanlike.

A FORESTER IN NEW JERSEY proposes to set out forty acres of otherwise undesirable land to Christmas trees. He will plant about five thousand trees to the acre, at an estimated cost of \$40, and believes that in six or seven years every tree that is harvested will be worth thirty cents. The estimated increase from \$40 to \$1500 may be too great, but there is no doubt that in a thickly settled region Christmas and nursery trees can be made a profitable crop.

WHEN IN 1911 THE UNITED STATES made a fifteen-year treaty with Great Britain, Japan and Russia to prohibit pelagic sealing in the North Pacific the estimated number of fur seals was 196,000. An estimate this year places the present number at 600,000. Before white men depleted the herd in the nineteenth century it numbered perhaps 5,000,000. If the seals continue to be protected and only the surplus males are killed, as at present, they may in time become as numerous as they ever were.

BASEBALL has not only kept alive in France since the American army came home but has grown. In Paris there is an active city league of eight clubs that play almost as well as our semiprofessional leagues, and in the north of France the cities of Turcoing, Roubaix, Lille and Douai have teams; so do Tours, Le Mans, Saint-Nazaire and Bordeaux, which were formerly American army headquarters. The French players are fast base runners and often field brilliantly, but at bat they are still shy of fast balls.

A PROCESS on which the chemists are still working will, if it succeeds, extract the resin from waste pine wood and make the wood itself available for pulp. In the South there are four million acres of land covered with resinous stumps, now lying idle because it costs more to remove the stumps than the land is worth. As the new process would

make the stumps worth \$50 a cord, it would pay to clear and cultivate the land. The process would produce not only pulp but valuable by-products in the shape of turpentine and resin.

A BEAUTIFUL EGYPTIAN

THE discoveries in Tutenkhamun's tomb at Luxor have again directed attention to the really remarkable art that during the life of the New Empire flourished in Egypt. One of the eminent men who saw the objects that were found in the tomb says that there is nothing in Greek art so fine as the best of the Egyptian work. To most of us that sounds like heresy, yet it may be that our faith in the superior beauty of Greek art is either the result of our greater familiarity with it or of our closer relationship with the Greeks by race and culture.

In appreciation of natural forms, in the decorative sense, in the ability to work in the grand manner, the Egyptians were as far advanced as any people ever were. In the three millenniums during which they practiced architecture, sculpture and painting their art had its ups and downs. Now it was stiff, perfunctory and conventional; again it was free, intelligent and vital. But at its best it had a sincerity of feeling, a delicacy of touch and a veracity of outline that are worthy of comparison with the finest work of the Greeks.

The New Empire was the period of the greatest military and political power of Egypt, probably also of its greatest wealth and luxury. Its art was characteristic of such a time. It lacked the grave dignity and reserve of some earlier periods. Grace, charm and romantic feeling were its most striking qualities. Craftsmanship was at a high point. Some of the furniture found in the tombs at Luxor is remarkably finished and decorated. A painted chest that came out of Tutenkhamun's tomb is covered with hunting and battle scenes that are as delicate and conscientious in detail as the finest Chinese art. It was an age of naturalism in sculpture, and some of the portrait busts and drawings of the time are beautiful and true to life.

Perhaps the most charming thing that has come down to us from the days of the New Empire, thirty-three centuries ago, is the bust of Queen Nefertiti, who was the wife of Akhenaton, the Pharaoh who tried to reform the religion of Egypt and set up the worship of one god only—the god of the sun. She was the mother of the princess who married Tutenkhamun and presumably brought him his title to the throne. The bust—a picture of which we show at the head of the editorial page—was found some years ago by German archaeologists at Tel-el-Amarna, where Akhenaton had his capital, and is now in a museum in Berlin. It is the portrait of a young, beautiful and refined woman. No one can look at it without believing that such and no other was Nefertiti, the queen of Akhenaton. How many artists there were in those days of Egyptian pride and power who could do work of this extraordinary quality we do not know; but the nameless sculptor of this head was certainly one of the greatest masters of his craft.

OUR REFORMED UNIVERSE

THE astronomers of the Lick Observatory who have been studying the photographic plates made in Wallal of the solar eclipse last September have announced that they confirm Mr. Einstein's predictions that light from a distant star, passing near the sun in its passage to the earth, would be diverted from a straight line by the attraction of the sun. The astronomers report that it is so diverted, and that the angle of diversion is nearly that which Mr. Einstein calculated.

Incidentally, the Wallal photographs seem to have upset completely the accepted theory of light, which is that it is waves or undulations of the ether that has been supposed to fill all space. But if it is attracted by the force of gravitation exerted by the sun, it must have what we call weight and therefore must be matter, though matter that as yet we have no means of catching and analyzing. Thus we come upon another great gap in human knowledge.

That Mr. Einstein originated the theories that go by his name has lately been sharply denied by high astronomical authority, but that need not concern us. What really matters is not who first reached the new conception of the universe,—for investigation

will reveal that,—but whether it is true or false. If it is true, a multitude of our accepted notions must be surrendered. We must believe that space is curved, whatever that may mean. If so, straight lines are not straight, as we understand the word, but if continued to an infinite distance would return to the point whence they started. Moreover, time is not absolute, but what we understand by lapse of time may be greater or less according to the speed with which a body is moving; and everything in the universe, including the earth and the sun, is moving more or less rapidly in space, which is not absolute any more than time is absolute.

All that is difficult if not impossible for the human mind to comprehend, but it is the A B C of infancy to the further idea, also imposed on us by Mr. Einstein, of the fourth dimension. We know that the solid things that we see and handle have three dimensions, length, breadth and height. We are asked to believe that space-time constitutes a fourth dimension of all material things. There may be super-intelligences that can conceive how that can be and understand what it means, but the human brain must grow before the ordinary human being can grasp it.

But even if the Einstein theories are true, the old ideas still hold good for all practical purposes. Though Newton's law of gravitation may be found to be not universally accurate, we shall still use the old tables of weights and measures. The old geometry is still true enough in finite measurements, and we shall not have to take the fourth dimension into account when we buy lumber.

ACCURACY

WE are scarcely aware of the enormous inaccuracy of life and of the human mind until we reflect upon it seriously. To begin with, most of us do not see accurately. We walk through the physical world as in a dream, with a lot of vague, conventional impressions, but with no real, close observation of what goes on about us. "I am a man for whom the visible world exists," said Théophile Gautier. For most of us there exists only a world of our imagination, which has little correspondence with the harsh reality of fact. To our inaccuracy in observing is added inaccuracy in remembering. Who can recall with detailed correctness the incidents of yesterday, let alone those of a week or a year ago? Who can rely upon his memory for words, even important words, uttered by others? Yet we do not hesitate to quote sentences of the utmost consequence as if we retained the exact form in which they fell from the speaker's lips. And as we do not observe accurately or remember accurately, so we do not state accurately. Speech is the readiest currency we have. We scatter it round us with the utmost freedom. But we are far less careful about its correctness than about its abundance. The advice to limit our conversation to yea and nay rests on a sad conviction that when we go beyond this we are too likely to utter something that is far removed from strict veracity.

And no doubt accuracy has its terrors. There are people in the world who pride themselves upon the correctness of their speech, in every aspect, sometimes with reason, sometimes without. Alas! such people are too prone not only to parade accuracy themselves but to inflict it upon others. We all know too well the pest who walks ever ready to set us right, to correct our pronunciation, to correct our statistics, to correct our memory. Persons of that sort give accuracy a bad name.

Evidently those inconveniences arise not from the possession of accuracy but from the desire to impose it. The wise and comfortable way to get through life is to try to make your own statements conform to fact, so far as is humanly possible, but to regard the inaccuracies of others with tolerance and even with sympathetic amusement.

THE FUTURE OF POLAND

A WELL-KNOWN American business man who has just returned from a trip through Europe says that within five years he expects Poland to be the richest country on the Continent. He found it industrious and prosperous. There is little unemployment. The country produces all the food, coal, oil, textiles and other manufactured articles that it needs and has something left over for export. The people are working hard,

confident of the future, proud of their regained independence. The only weak point in the economic position of Poland is its inadequate outlet on the sea. Danzig is a fairly good port, but it is still largely a German city, and Poland can reach it only through a narrow corridor that could easily be blocked by a hostile army.

For the moment too the political position of Poland is strong. It has proved clever enough to get for itself the chief mineral deposits of Upper Silesia and the oil wells of eastern Galicia. By consent of the allied governments it has made good its claim not only to those regions but to Vilna too. Its relations with Roumania and Czechoslovakia are increasingly friendly: it may even decide to join the Little Entente. It can count on the friendship of France, at present the strongest power on the Continent, for France and Poland are necessary each to the other's security against the Germany of the future.

This brilliant and industrious people of thirty millions, inhabiting one of the very richest parts of Europe, has every reason to hope for a happy and prosperous future. Yet there are perils as well as cheerful auguries. Once before Poland was strong and prosperous; but, weakened by its own political incapacity, it fell and was ground between the upper and the lower millstone of Prussia and Russia. Neither Russia nor Prussia is at present fit for aggression. Poland is sure of a number of years—perhaps a whole generation—in which to consolidate its strength. If its people have learned the lesson of self-government, and if Polish diplomacy is clever enough to keep the support of France and Bohemia and Roumania and Jugo-Slavia, there will never be another partition of Poland. But if events ever bring Russia and Germany into alliance, with their military power restored, we may tremble for the independence of Poland, for its frontiers lie open to invasion, and its lands are sure to be coveted both by Prussian and by Muscovite. The problem of Central Europe is the future of the national states, of which Poland is the largest. Have they thrown off the yoke of Germany and of Russia forever? There is good reason to think that they have, but there is so much doubt about it that their politicians and diplomats cannot afford to make any blunders.

IMMIGRANTS AND LABOR

UNEMPLOYMENT among those who are able and willing to work is at present rare in the United States. If there were not a disposition in some trades to hold up the community for more than it ought to pay, there would be no unemployment at all. In almost every industry wages are going up, because employers are already beginning to bid against one another for the skilled and the unskilled labor that is none too abundant at any price. The Department of Agriculture reports that last year's surplus of eleven per cent in available farm labor has been changed into a shortage of twelve per cent; largely because the relatively high wages in the manufacturing industries are again drawing workmen to the cities. Under present conditions we must make up our minds that whenever general industry is active and prosperous there will be a deficiency in the labor supply and a corresponding increase in the cost of production.

That is because of our restrictive immigration law, which has pretty nearly stopped the flood of cheap labor that for so many years furnished the material for an extraordinary expansion of our industries. A good many manufacturers, hard pressed to find workmen and alarmed at the rising wage cost of their goods, are calling for a repeal of those restrictions, but they are not likely to get it. Both in and out of Congress there is a feeling that cheap labor can be too dearly bought. It is likely that in the future there will be more restrictions rather than fewer, and that careful selection will determine what immigrants shall be admitted.

Foreign nations are adapting themselves to our new laws. The days are gone when steamship agents combed the countryside of Italy or Hungary and hurried every degree of desirable and undesirable humanity into the steerage to be dumped in New York at a profit to the steamship company; but there is still a strong pressure against our immigration restrictions, and some European governments are trying in a perfectly proper way to find places in America for their surplus population. The report of the Department of Agriculture upon the shortage of farm labor was hardly cold from the press before the Italian ambassador had offered to supply the

required number of farm workers, carefully selected for both character and capacity. The present law permits only 42,000 Italians to enter the United States each year, but Prince Caetani thinks that 300,000 capable farm workers could be found ready to emigrate.

There are several objections to the arrangement. We could not permit Italy to overrun its quota without getting into trouble with other nations, which would see no reason why Italy should be favored more than themselves. We could not be at all sure that the Italian immigrants would go exactly where they were most needed; there is no machinery to distribute them against their wills to the farmers who want them. Finally, Premier Mussolini is opposed to having American inspectors in Italy pass on the would-be immigrants before they sail, and our own Labor Department would probably insist on that.

But the incident is interesting; for it shows that there is still a great European reservoir from which immigrants can be drawn, and it indicates that some at least of the European governments are willing to cooperate in improving the quality of the human product that they export to us.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

Friends,

a story for girls in business, appears in our issue for May 24. There is also a story of the cinder path entitled

A Mile—and More!

that all boys will find much to their taste. There is an article in which a real miner describes his hardships and adventures in the little known

Diamond Fields of British Guiana

The delightful couple, Al and Sary, attend a wedding and reach their

Third Camp Fire

and there is another stirring chapter in that tale of danger and mystery

The Chimera of Wittee Lake

CURRENT EVENTS

A WEALTHY Kentuckian has made an interesting gift to his state. He has turned over to the trustees of the E. O. Robinson Mountain Fund a million dollars and sixteen thousand acres of timberland. The fund will be used to promote the agricultural, industrial and educational improvement of the mountain region of eastern Kentucky, and will be administered by the University of Kentucky at Lexington. A large part of the land will be used for illustrating methods of reforestation. There will be a thousand-acre experiment farm in Breathitt County, and a number of model schools will be maintained in different parts of the mountain region. That part of the state has never had the educational advantages that the western counties have had; the Robinson gift will do much to improve social and economic conditions among a neglected but sound and virile human stock.

THERE is good reason to expect that the anti-Free-State revolt in Ireland will soon collapse. One by one the militant lieutenants of Mr. De Valera are falling into the hands of the Free State troops. Liam Lynch, his chief of staff, and Daniel Breen, who was looked upon as the probable successor of Lynch, have both been taken. The principal irregular bands have been dispersed, and hundreds of their members have come in to surrender to the Free State troops. Mr. De Valera was still at liberty when this was written, but he is a fugitive with few followers to protect him. If the Free State government should propose some agreement that would permit him to "save his face" before his countrymen, he would probably be glad to surrender. It

is said that the Free State faces claims for \$53,000,000 for the destruction of property by the irregulars in 1922.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI is finding disaffection among the forces that put him into power. Apparently the Fascisti are loyal, but the Catholic party, which helped him to down the Socialists, is preparing to act for itself and at its recent congress in Turin passed resolutions referring to the Fascist movement as a passing phase in Italian politics in which the Catholic party must not lose itself. Mr. Mussolini was much irritated and obliged the Catholic members of his government to choose whether they should disavow the resolutions of Turin or give up their offices. Four of them preferred to give up their offices. After that the Catholic members of Parliament met and expressed their combined confidence in Mussolini's government, but they did not disavow the Turin resolutions, as the premier wished them to do.

THE Federal Council of Churches has published some cheering figures about church membership. During 1922 the churches gained no less than 1,220,428, which is the largest number of accessions ever reported for a single year. The Roman Catholic Church, which counts all baptized persons, numbers 18,104,804 adherents. The evangelical Protestant churches, which count only communicants, report 27,454,080. Of that number more than 8,000,000 are Methodists of various connections, about the same number are Baptists, and more than 2,000,000 are Presbyterians. The Methodists figure that they have a constituency of 23,253,854 persons, the Baptists reckon theirs at 22,869,098, the Lutherans theirs at 7,000,000 (though only 2,500,000 are church members), and the Presbyterians place their constituency at more than 6,000,000. There are about 3,300,000 Jews in the United States, but not all of them are orthodox.

THE Minister of the Liberated Regions under M. Briand, M. Loucheur, has been in England, talking things over with Mr. Bonar Law. He does not believe in the Poincaré policy in the Ruhr and is anxious to find some ground on which France and Great Britain can act in concert. What he told Mr. Bonar Law we do not know, but the English papers seem to regard his visit as a hopeful sign. If the Poincaré ministry should fall,—though there is no immediate likelihood that it will,—M. Loucheur would be an influential member of the new government. It is probable that he would agree to financial arrangements that would be relatively acceptable to Great Britain, but it is not to be expected that he or any other Frenchman would consent to forgo some sort of security for France against another German invasion. His solution is reported to be a free state on the left bank of the Rhine, demilitarized and generally responsible to the League of Nations.

THE budget introduced in Parliament by Mr. Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a bright spot in the generally gloomy aspect of British politics. Mr. Baldwin thinks that Great Britain can get along next year with a revenue some \$175,000,000 less than the budget for this year. He proposes to cut the income tax from five shillings in the pound to four shillings and sixpence, to remit half the tax on corporation profits, to reduce the taxes on beer and "soft drinks," and to diminish certain postal and telephone rates. He also suggests putting a tax on all sums won by betting. How such a tax would be collected he did not say, but, according to the papers, the members received the suggestion with "prolonged cheering."

ON May 5 the new ship canal between the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain at New Orleans was formally dedicated, though it had been in use for several weeks before that. The new canal makes it possible to build a great modern port with an efficient system of warehousing for the deposit and exchange of goods and plenty of room for factories close to the docks from which their products will be shipped. It also enables ships to make their way into New Orleans from the Gulf of Mexico or out from the Mississippi to the sea without passing through the tortuous and shifting channel of the lower river. The commercial interests of New Orleans believe that the canal will add greatly to the activity and wealth of the city.



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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE WIND

By Gamaliel Bradford

*I think the wind must talk at night
In queer and puzzling ways,
But, though I listen, I can't quite
Discover what it says.*

*It seems to want to tell me things
That I should like to know:
Perhaps it offers shuddery wings,
To ride where spirits go.*

*I can contrive to stay awake
And hear it laugh and leap;
But when it talks I always take
That time to fall asleep.*



THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE SPRUCE TREE

A Danish Legend

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE a discontented little spruce tree lived in a wood. The reason the little spruce tree was discontented was that it was covered from top to bottom with short, stiff little needles, though all the other trees in the wood were covered with leaves that fluttered in the wind and were never stiff and straight.

One day the little spruce tree said, "All the other trees in the wood have pretty leaves. I have only prickles. Nobody touches me. I wish I might have leaves like the others, only much prettier. I wish I might have leaves of shining gold!"

When the spruce tree awoke in the morning it was covered with leaves of gold that shone in the sunlight and brightened all the wood.

The little tree was so proud all that day that it wouldn't look at the trees with common green leaves. "No other tree has leaves like mine, and I am now the most important tree in the forest," it said in its heart. But that evening an old miser came with a huge empty sack and stole every gold leaf. Then he went away with his huge sack full of leaves and left the poor little tree naked and shivering in the moonlight.

"Oh," it said, "I wish I might have leaves of glass!"

The next morning when the little tree awoke it was covered with sparkling leaves of glass that shone like diamonds in the sun; and when the gentle winds came singing through the wood the glass leaves made tinkling music. The little tree was then prouder than ever until a wild storm came and broke the leaves into tiny bits that soon covered the ground below.

The poor little naked tree wailed with grief. "Ah me," it said, "now I wish I had asked for common green leaves!"

When the little tree awoke the next morning it was covered with the prettiest soft green leaves that had ever been seen in the wood; but an old goat came along and ate every one of them, and the little tree was left bare again.

"Oh!" cried the little tree. "Why did I ask for gold or glass or green leaves? If only I had my old prickles back again I should be so happy!"

The next morning when the little tree awoke it was glad to find that the prickles had come back; all the dear little old straight prickles once more covered it from top to bottom. It had not realized before how comfortable the little prickles could be or how pretty they looked. But ever after that the little tree was contented with its prickles no matter how straight and stiff they were. From that day to this no little spruce tree has ever been known to ask to have its leaves changed.

DRAWN BY GERTRUDE R. SULLIVAN



DRAWN BY BENJAMIN



What the Trouble Was By Nancy Byrd Turner

*Said Mrs. Mouse, "It seems to me
Right strange that no one comes to tea.
I bake, I brew, I boil, I stew,
But no one comes," said she.*

*Oh, Mrs. Mouse fine bread could make
And very excellent rolls could bake,
Doughnuts and pies of generous size
And tarts and jelly cake.*

*Each Tuesday, pleased as pleased could be,
She'd cook a meal for company.
"I'll ring my supper harem bell now
And summon them," said she.*

*She rang and rang. It seems a shame,
And still the neighbors weren't to blame;
Harem bells are hard to hear, you see,
And no one ever came.*

WHEN JIMMY RAN AWAY

By Pringle Barret

IN a little town by the sea there is a street named Washington, and on it there once lived a little boy named Jimmy. He was not always a good little boy nor did he have a good disposition, though his sister might tell you that he did, but he seldom cried.

There were days when everything in the world seemed to Jimmy to be just right. His mother was not too busy to play with him, and his little sister amused herself without trying to upset his ships as they sailed by in the big bowl that he called his bay. Then there were the other days when everything in the world seemed to Jimmy to be wrong. The sea dashed up on the shore with a mighty thunder, and the little ships would not stay upright in his bay, and nobody seemed to love him.

Today was like that. Little sister wanted him to play with her; she wanted to sail his ships about and then knock them over into the water, but Jimmy did not feel like playing with his little sister, and above all he did not want to have his ships upset. Mother told him that he was a selfish little boy and should be ashamed of himself.

So Jimmy decided that nobody loved him. "Never mind," he said to himself. "I'll run away and never come back any more."

He tiptoed to the front door, opened and closed it quietly and

started down the road to the sea. He was fond of sitting on a rock that stretched far out into the water from the beach, for there he could watch the great ships as they passed and wonder where they were going and what they carried. He thought he would be a sailor when he grew up.

Now he turned his steps toward that rock, and it did not take him long to reach it.

"I shall climb out to the farthest point," he said to himself, "and stay there." So he climbed out to the farthest point and sat down. He rested his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees and looked sadly out at the sea.

"If a big ship comes near enough, I shall get aboard and sail away," he thought. But not a ship came near enough.

"Perhaps I shall fall off into the sea and be drowned," he said to himself. "Then they will be sorry that they called me selfish."

But he did not fall off into the sea. He just sat there on the big rock and looked out at the breakers.

By and by it got to be dinner time, and Jimmy felt hungry. He wished he had not told himself that he would not go back. Perhaps they did love him after all. Maybe he had been selfish. But little sister ought to be able to find something besides his ships to play with.

"I think I shall just pass by the house and see what they are doing at home," he said to himself. So he started to walk back home. Of course he would not go into the house when he reached it, but it couldn't do any harm to walk by. He began to feel sorry that he had been cross to his little sister. After all, she was only three years old, and Jimmy was seven.

"If I had a nickel, I would buy a little ship and give it to her for her very own," he

OH!

By Robert Palfrey Utter

*"Oh, will it rain?" says Ellen Jane.
"Oh, I guess not," says John.
"Oh, I don't know," says Mary Jo,
"I'll put my rubbers on."*

thought. "Then she could knock it over all she wanted to. Perhaps I have a nickel."

He reached far down into his pocket, but there was no nickel there.

"I wish I had something to give her. One of my own ships might do," he said to himself thoughtfully. The idea did not please him, for he cared a great deal for his ships. But he was hungry, and he wanted to go home, and besides he was really sorry that he had been cross to his little sister. After all, she had only wanted to play with him.

He stopped in the middle of the road and looked all round on every side, but he did not see anything that he thought his little sister might like. There was not even a pretty rock in sight.

But just then he felt something warm and soft rub against his ankle, and he heard a little voice say, "Meow, meow!" A kitten! That would be the very thing. His sister was fond of pets.

Jimmy stooped and picked the kitten up. "Would you like to go home with me and be my little sister's pet?" he asked.

"Pur-r-r," said the kitten.

So they started off together. And pretty soon a tired and hungry little boy with a tired and hungry little kitten ran up the steps of 40 Washington Street.

Mother opened the door. "What have you there?" she asked curiously when she saw the kitten.

"I brought it home to little sister for her very own," said Jimmy, and he smiled broadly, for he was glad to be at home, and besides he could smell dinner cooking.

"Well, little sister will be glad to have it,"

DRAWN BY MARGARET G. HAYS



THE CONCEITED MERMAID

By Celia Thornton

*There was a little mermaid,
A good mermaid's daughter,
Who was so vain she always kept
Her head above the water.*

*She wore fine seaweed sashes
And jewelry of pearls
And was absurdly proud, alas!
Of her enormous curls.*

*The good mermother warned her:
"It would be wise for you
To swim below the surface, dear,
As most good mermaids do."*

*But never would she listen.
And this is what occurred:
A fisherman came paddling by.
Without a single word,*

*Before the mermaid noticed,
He caught her by the curls
And took her, seaweed sash and all,
Home to his little girls.*



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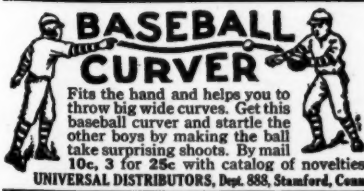
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said Jimmy's mother. "What a sweet and thoughtful little boy you are!"
"Pur-r-r," said the kitten.
And Jimmy thought that perhaps somebody did love him after all.

THE LOST HALF HOUR

By Marjorie S. Rose

"MOTHER says I may stay a whole hour!" announced Patty as she ran into Rachel's yard.

"O goody!" Rachel dropped a pailful of sand and ran to hug her little friend.

"We'd better go in and look at the clock now," said Patty, who was just learning to tell time, "because mother told me to be sure to find out when it was time to go home."

The two little girls raced into the front hall, where the tall old grandfather clock stood, ticking its slow "tick-tock."

"Why," said Patty, "it looks as if half my hour were gone already!"

Sure enough, although it had been two o'clock when Patty came over, the big hands of the clock pointed to half past two.

"That's all right," answered Rachel. "Daddy says that clock is half an hour fast; so your hour won't really be up till it says an hour and a half from now."

Patty tried to figure that out, but it was a little too hard for her. Still it sounded all right, and so she nodded her head and ran outdoors to play in the sand pile.

Rachel had a big pile of fine clean sand and many shining white clamshells that she had brought home from the beach the summer before. Today she was dyeing the sand all sorts of beautiful colors. She had some Easter-egg dyes that she had found on a cupboard shelf—yellow, green and violet, blue and red.

"Let's play candy store!" said Patty, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Let's make sand candy and put the different colored lumps of sand in the shell dishes and play we're selling candy to all the children."

Rachel was delighted at the idea. "But first we must make the candy," she said. "Let's play that the pink sand is peppermint and the green is wintergreen. We can make mud pies for chocolate."

The little girls went busily to work. They put a drop of color on a clamshell full of sand and then mixed and patted it carefully. By accident a little red got into the yellow sand and made it so pretty that the girls decided to call it orange candy.

They had such a good time and were so busy that neither one noticed how fast the time was going until suddenly Patty jumped to her feet and brushed the blue sand from her little hands. "My hour must be up!" she said. "Let's go and look at the clock."

They ran back into the hall. "Your hour is just up," said Rachel. "This clock says an hour and a half, but you know it's half an hour fast. O dear, I wish you didn't have to go; we were just ready to sell our candy."

Now about that time Patty's Uncle George had come in his big automobile to surprise Patty and her mother and to take them for a long ride.

"Where's Patty?" he asked.
Mother looked at the clock. "Why," she said, "Patty ought to have been home from Rachel's half an hour ago. I wonder what's the matter? She is always so good about coming home when her time's up."

Just then the front door opened and in came Patty.

"Where have you been?" her mother asked.

"Just over at Rachel's," answered Patty.

"But, Patty," said her mother, "I said you could play with Rachel an hour, and you stayed an hour and a half. I don't know whether a little girl that doesn't mind her mother should go riding with Uncle George or not."

Patty's eyes began to fill with tears of disappointment. "But, mother," she explained, "Rachel's daddy says their clock is half an hour fast. So don't you see, when it says an hour and a half it really means an hour."

Mother looked into Patty's sober little face and saw that she meant what she said.

"It's all right, dear," she answered with a smile. "Mother sees that you thought you were minding. But listen to me, Patty; even if a clock is fast, an hour is an hour all the same. Will you remember that?"

"I will, mother, I will," Patty's face brightened, but she still looked puzzled. "I wonder what became of that extra half hour?"

"It got lost, I guess!" laughed Uncle George as he swung Patty up on his broad shoulder. "Now suppose we go riding!"



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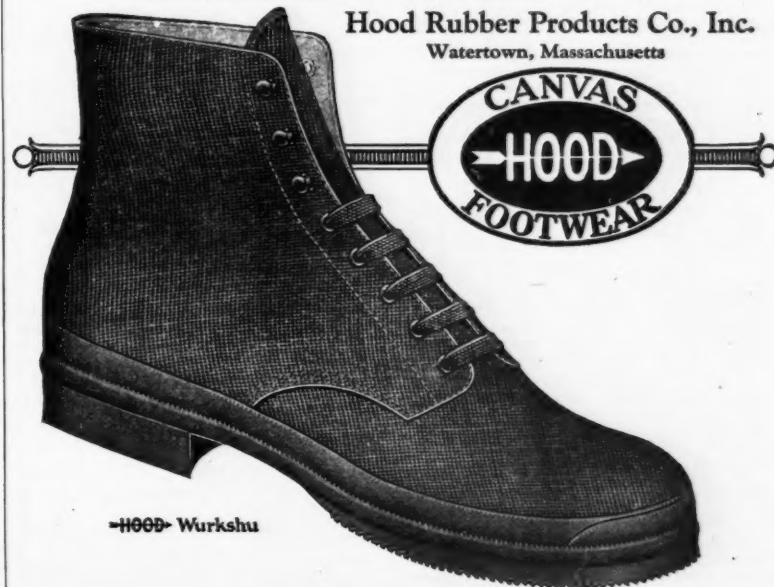
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THE LOVE OF THE AGES TO COME

By Eric Duncan



Midnight and silence. From the dark blue sky
The glorious stars that on these fields look down

Have seen the flight of ages winging by
And mighty changes that have with them flown;
And when the crumbling pyramids are blown
In clouds of dust along the desert plain
The dwellers then in each terrestrial zone
May still—with wider view than we obtain—
Behold that radiant host, an undiminished train.

O ye unnumbered worlds, with which I tread
The march predestined, stretching out of sight,
A last eclipse may o'er your faces spread;
To me—to conscious me—there comes no night;
What matters it to him whose pathway bright
Lies upward to the immortal dead
That scant and straggling locks are turning white

Or one more year of earthly life has fled?
He trusts his Captain's word, his everliving Head.

Fleet years, if ye but teach me still to take
My cross with humble courage and content,
To act or reason wisely for his sake
Who is my life, then speed your vanishment!
And what of wife beloved from heartstrings rent?

O! only son cut off by war's fell blow?
Nay, murmur not; those blest ones merely went
To his great home to whom thou didst them owe,
And pain and woes of age that home can never know.

The joys combined in mother's comforting,
In father's strength, renewed forevermore,
In woman's truth, in child's gay welcoming,
All, all await thee on that august shore;
The love that passeth knowledge to explore
Shall be thy tireless occupation then,
That love—which all things shall at last restore—
Be hymned by voices now beyond our ken
And circling spheres of space, world without end.
Amen.

SEEDTIME

IN a recent novel the author describes one family scene that is not easily forgotten. The elder son, the pride of his father's heart, the darling of his mother's love, is home from the famous school that his father before him had attended. In response to their eager questioning he is telling his parents his impressions of the life there. To his somewhat undisciplined and rebellious mind some of the ways that characterize the beautiful and stately school life are far from being acceptable. Especially is he scornful of the Bible teaching. "Such stuff and nonsense!" he exclaims in effect. "Just as if any man in these days could believe that sort of thing!"

The mother cries out in consternation, but when she would have expostulated the boy answers: "You never told us anything different, mother."

There are other fathers and mothers who lay themselves open to the same dreadful accusation. Sometimes they allow themselves to forget the vital needs of the growing child; sometimes they fail to realize that the little prayers said at mother's knee and the little quiet talks about spiritual things create impressions that no after experience, however severe, can efface. The home can have no higher reason for its existence than that of giving to the children a deep sense of the reality of their holiest dreams, of making prayer and purity and truth and trust as real and reasonable as health and happiness. The child who does not receive that early introduction to the beauty of holiness can never have the loss quite made up to him by any after experience. Happy the child the needs of whose soul are daily met by loving instruction!

KATY'S COMPOSITION

ALL the way to school Norma, the teacher, was fighting herself. Every lesson in the psychology course at the university had emphasized the importance of the teacher's having the right mental attitude if she were to handle her class well. Norma bit her lips. She must get hold of herself before she faced Dicky Collins and Mariana Snell. But there was something else. To think of having a really famous guest at supper for the first time when your mother refuses to do things differently. Norma knew exactly how her mother would look in her big white apron, and that she would insist on bringing things from the kitchen herself. The angry tears were hot in the girl's eyes. If her mother would only be like other people!

Oh, she must get hold of herself; she must! She must rise superior to it all. Yes, that was it; she must show their guest by her manner that she at least was not a kitchen-apron person!

It was a dreadful day. Dicky Collins and Mariana Snell outdid themselves and succeeded in corrupting others whose conduct was usually

irreproachable. Letty Fowler was at her very stupidest. Even Billy Conrow blundered. And of course the supervisor took that particular day to visit the room, and while he was speaking to the class Jennie Neal had a tooth come out!

Exhausted and discouraged, Norma returned to her desk after seeing her line of pupils safe down to the yard. She had still a pile of compositions to be corrected; the subject was: "The most beautiful thing I have seen." She plodded through the papers dully. Presently she came to Katy Malone's; the girl was Norma's favorite.

Katy had written confidently, joyously: "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen is my teacher and my mother. I will now describe my mother. Her eyes are blue, and they love you all the time. Her hair has the teeniest curls at the back of her neck. Her heart is so beautiful it shines out all over her. She works all the time to do things for me. When I am grown up I am going to earn a great deal of money and dress mother in blue silk and diamonds."

Katy's mother! Why, she had a cast in one eye, and her hair was thin and sandy, and her hands were red with work. Yet Katy saw nothing but beauty! "Her heart is so beautiful it shines out all over her. She works all the time to do things for me."

It was as if every pen stroke of the big childish writing stabbed the heart of the girl at the teacher's desk. The round scrawls tore at her cloak of selfish pride till it fell from her in shreds. Suddenly she pushed aside the remaining compositions; they could wait until tomorrow. What could not wait was the hurt that she had left in her mother's eyes.

PLUS AN EGG AND MINUS A BOOT

THE Japanese have long had a reputation for sharp practice and dubious commercial honesty that Mr. Arthur Daniel Berry in a recent number of the Outlook protests is undeserved; and he proceeds to relate a number of illuminating anecdotes of the scrupulous and painstaking honesty that he and his friends have encountered in Japan. He concludes with this one:

"An American in Japan went out into the country and bargained with a farmer for a hen. The farmer was to bring it to the house of the American the next day. At the appointed time the man appeared with the hen and one egg. When the American asked why he brought the egg he replied, 'Your hen laid that egg yesterday after you paid for her.'"

A lady, reading the pleasing incident aloud to a friend, evoked the rueful response, "I can cap that story with a New England one, only it goes just the other way round. I went with my son not long ago to a farmhouse where a litter of puppies were advertised for sale. They were healthy, lively, attractive little dogs, and Bob and I finally chose the one that seemed to us the healthiest, handsomest and liveliest. But we were on our way to dine with some friends a mile or so beyond and did not expect to return until late; we could not very well take it with us. That did not matter, the owner said; he was coming to town to market the next day and would bring the puppy in to us. But we were not certain that he would find anyone but the maid at home; so we paid for our purchase and drove on.

"I was in, however, the next morning when he brought the puppy. He delivered it—and with it a bill for three dollars and a half!

"What is this for?" I asked. "We paid you the full price you asked for the puppy yesterday."

"Oh, yes," said he. "I know you did. But that blamed pesky pup o' yours always was the mischievous little brute, and he eat half one o' my darter's boots and hid tother before you'd been gone an hour."

"But you had him in charge," I protested. "Why didn't you see he was where he couldn't do any harm?"

"Well, ma'am, after you've had him awhile yourself you'll know better than to ask such a question," he said in an aggrieved voice. "Tain't so easy. Puppies jest will get hold of boots, and when they get 'em they eat 'em. When it's all in the family it has to be stood. When it ain't somebody has to pay. Now that pup is yours, ain't he? And that boot was Bessie's, wasn't it? Sure it was! So naturally you pay. That's reasonable, ain't it?"

"I don't know whether it was or not; but he had made it sound reasonable, and I paid."

REYNARD, THE FOX

IV

ANYONE wandering in the woods and fields may have the luck to see a fox close to and off his guard. A fox once trotted slowly past within twenty feet of the writer of these words and never saw him. That was the happy result of his being perfectly still—he was watching a rare bird in a tree—and of the wind's being from the fox to him. The English author whose anecdotes about foxes in the Quarterly Review we have been taking week by week was also watching a bird when he saw his fox close to, but the friend whose meeting with a fox he also tells about owed his luck to a stranger and more unusual cause. Here are the two experiences:

I focused my glass on the snipe whenever it mounted to my level, which it did every minute

or so, only to tilt its wings and drop with a humming whirr of pinions in the direction of the swamp. Evidently its nest was there, and to discover it became my next object. The bird had alighted, and I was searching the grass whence I expected to see it rise when a more pronounced movement caught my eye. Along a faint sheep path that skirted the morass came a beautiful dog fox stepping daintily; his russet coat was shining like burnished gold in the early morning sunlight. My first thought was whether he likewise was after the snipe's nest, but his action quickly dispelled any such suspicion; he was not hunting, it appeared. Full-fed and therefore at peace with all things, he was pointing for his own kennel somewhere in one of the brakes. He trotted along unconcernedly enough until he reached a point about a hundred yards away from me; there apparently some slight current of air from my direction—no perceptible breeze was astir—must have reached him. For as I watched him through my glass a curious thing happened. He stopped as if shot, dropped back upon his haunches as a fox often does when startled and glanced quickly about him. For a couple of seconds perhaps he remained so, sniffing the air with his nostrils. Then straight from his crouching position, as it seemed, he bounded away. There was just the parting whisk of a long brush and—well, I hardly saw him go. I had neither stirred nor made a sound.

Rather different is a story told to me recently by a well-known Devonshire squire, a prominent sportsman and one of the most observant naturalists in the country. On a certain day he was rabbiting in one of his own woods with a couple of companions—quite an informal party, just the two guns and a dog. The cover was thick, and they were having some difficulty in getting rabbits out. At the moment his spaniel was barking freely in some blackberry growth, and he was hurrying up a ride to reach an open space where he expected to get a shot, when to his astonishment he saw a fox sitting on a stump not fifty yards ahead of him. The animal, a splendid fellow in spotless condition, had its back toward him and was making an elaborate toilet as coolly as if it were alone in the woods. And it continued to do so, utterly disregarding the man's approach until he was within three paces of it, when apparently quite by chance it glanced back. You can imagine the sequel. For a startled instant, said the squire, its intense yellow eyes looked full into his; then it shot across the ride and into the brushwood with one streaklike bound. All that seemed singularly unlike a fox, but a very natural explanation was forthcoming. "He was deaf," said my friend, laconically. "Old foxes often lose their hearing, as old dogs do."

SAVED WITHOUT ORDERS

WITH the recent revival of interest in the old sailing vessels many thrilling tales of their adventures are being told or retold. Few narrow escapes in a cyclone are more simply and vividly retold than that of the British frigate *Blenheim*, in 1867, between Madras and Calcutta. She was driven suddenly upon her beam ends, and, to make a desperate matter worse, her captain lost his nerve.

"I was only a young officer," says the narrator, "and scarcely realized our position; those terrific storms beat all sense and feeling out of a man. The boatswain roared in my ear, 'Look here, Mr. Murdoch, them officers is all dazed. Come along o' me, and we'll save her yet.'"

"He scrambled along, and I followed, till he reached the carpenter's berth, groped about, cried, 'Here! Catch a hold!' and I found an axe in my fist. 'Now, follow!'"

"Again we scrambled aft through the howl and scurry of the tempest. At the gangway

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abreast of the mainmast he stopped and began to climb out on the ship's side through one of the gun ports. Now I knew what we were going to do—cut away the masts—and without orders! We clambered out upon the channels. 'Now, sir,' he yelled in my ear, 'back away!'

"We hacked; but it was awful work out there, with the flying spray and the rain like whips and the screaming hurricane almost hurling us from our hand clutch while the great hull beneath us rolled and wallowed.

"Suddenly he held my arm. 'Look out!' he cried. 'Mind when she rights!'

"And all in a moment the black snakes of rigging seemed to be drawn up swiftly into the dark heavens—silently, for no sound could be heard of creaking ropes, of ripping decks or of breaking masts—all was drowned in the one horrible roar of the storm; but instantly the ship's great spars, rigging and all, vanished!

"Slowly she began to right herself, and we crept inboard again. We regained the carpenter's berth, and the boatswain dragged the door to. 'Now, sir,' he said, 'never you say a word to anyone about what we've done. The old packet's a proper wreck now with the whole three sticks gone. Mind you, no one gave the order, and if we was found out there'd be the dickens to pay; so keep quiet.'"

The young officer discreetly said nothing even when next day, as the *Blenheim* lay rolling in the after swell, with twelve feet of water in her hold and her lee scuppers under because of nine hundred tons of railway iron that had shifted to one side, the captain—on his job again—remarked that "it was a good thing the masts had blown out of her, else she would surely have been at the bottom."

Jury masts were rigged, and the battered vessel slowly crawled to port. Not until many years afterwards was the story told how she had been saved without orders.

MR. PEASLEE GIVES A JUDGMENT

THERE was the makin' of quite a row 'twixt Luther Sands and Myron Cummings over on the Brick Kiln Hill this mornin'," said Caleb Peaslee comfortably, "but they left the matter out to me, and I gin judgment 'cordin' to what they both told me; pretty equal job I made of it too, if I do say so. I humbly maintain King Solomon couldn't have bettered it much!"

Deacon Hyne snorted. "What you talkin' about, Kellup?" he demanded. "Those men are cousins and neighbors; what would they be havin' a fight over?"

"I didn't say fight, I said row," Caleb corrected him. "And I didn't say they really had one neither; I said there was the makin' of one. 'What would they git to rowin' over?' asked the deacon.

"Over a little mess of fall pears," replied Mr. Peaslee. "You know Sarepta Bliss left that flat-iron-shaped field to Luther and Myron, don't you?"

"I s'pose so," said the deacon. "She left all her prop'ty to them two; and I s'pose that field went with the rest. But the will ain't through probate yet; how'd they come to start a row b'fore they know what each of 'em gits?"

"Fall pears won't wait for probate," replied Caleb succinctly. "You've got to handle early pears whilst they're ripe and ready; a week too long'll rot 'em on the tree. You know that, Ly-sander, and so do Myron and Luther."

"Well, what about the pears?" demanded the impatient deacon. "You hug a thing so long, Kellup, it wears my patience out!"

"Why, this is what about 'em," said Caleb. "Down in the fur corner of that heater field, right handy where the road crosses to Dedham turnpike, there's a little pear tree, twelve foot high mebbe and a thrifty 'nough tree too. I s'pose there's always a few pears on it, but, bein' so close to the road, I doubt if many of 'em ever gits to where they rightfully b'long, 'count of the boys passin'; but it's kind of out of the way, so there was a few still hangin' to the tree this mornin', and Myron took a piggin over his arm and went and gathered 'em."

"Um!" said the deacon. "I don't s'pose he had any better right to 'em than Luther had; I'd full ruther left 'em alone, if it had been me."

"That was jest the view Luther took," said Caleb. "He happened along, or else somebody carried him word and he come a-pu'pose, jest as Myron was shakin' the last pear off'n the tree; and about the time they jest cleverly got goin' I come along and heard the heft of it all. And, seein' they couldn't agree, themselves, they left it out to me to say what was right."

"I wa'n't in any hurry; I'd agreed to take my nephew and them two boys that's boardin' with me—the bow-legged one and the one that wears a red sweater—over to the deep hole in the brook to see if we could git a mess of trout. So when Myron and Luther turned to me for justice I set down on a log and put the pears behind me whilst I listened; and the boys sort of hovered down behind me and kep' nestlin' up till I felt like a hen with a brood of chicks."

"I s'pose it took Myron and Luther the better part of half an hour to set out what they both figured was the rights of the case; part of the time they were both talkin' at once till I shut 'em both off and told 'em I wouldn't listen if they didn't heed what I said; and then I made Luther go ahead, seein' he was in a way the complainin' party."

"He made out a case too—that the pears was as much his as they was Myron's, and that they'd



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ought to have been let alone till both could have gathered 'em. Failin' that, he wanted half.

"Then Myron had his turn, and he sot out that the pears was in a fair way to spile on the tree, and he'd gathered 'em to save 'em, and that it was all they was worth to gether 'em, and there wa'n't 'nough to divide anyway, not more'n a couple of hatfuls.

"Not to go over all they said,—for all of it they said ten times over, they was so excited,—the upshot of it was I gin my judgment that they ought to share half and half, and that Myron'd have to lose his work getherin' 'em on 'count of not consultin' Luther in the fust place; and, havin' gin my verdict, I reached around behind me, and the fust touch of my hand to the piggins it felt as empty as a blowed eggshell!

"Well, it wa'n't quite empty, as it fin'ly proved, but it was a good deal nearer empty than them three boys was. There was three pears left in the piggins, but the rest of 'em had gone the way of all pears when they're left with a passell of youngsters with no grown eye on 'em. The bow-legged boy in p'ticular was rounded out with pears till there wa'n't a crease nor a wrinkle in him, and the others were nearly as bad!

"Well," sighed Mr. Peaslee, "there wa'n't but one thing to do, and I did it; I took one of the pears myself and gin the other two to Myron and Luther, one apiece. 'There!' says I. 'Le's eat these and call the matter settled out of court. And when you've got 'em et we'll all go down to my house, and you can both have all the fall pears you want to carry. I've got 'em rottin' on the ground, and you're welcome; and I'll feel better to be handy to some med'cine for these youngsters if things take the turn I'm thinkin' they will.

"And," says I, 'the next time you two neighbors and cousins feel like havin' hard words over ten cents' wuth of anything, pears or what not, I want you should think of this time and take counsel from it, rememberin' that by the time you've got it settled you may not have anything to quarrel over any more'n you have now!'"

LORD NELSON'S LITTLE MOMENT

EVEN the great have their moments of pettiness. This is the story of one such moment in the life of Lord Nelson: Toward the close of the war with the first French Republic when the general distress was sharp and bread was dear the fashion arose of giving dinners to which the guests were asked to bring their own bread.

Nelson was invited to such a dinner, but through some oversight he had not been informed of the conditions of the feast. When he found that there was no bread he made a scene, called his servant and before the whole company gave him a shilling and ordered him to buy a roll, saying aloud:

"It is hard after fighting my country's battles I should be grudged her bread!"

It would have become the naval hero more to have overlooked the mistake and have gone without his roll if necessary.

ONE FOR CANNING

DURING the time of George III's insanity the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, offered to bet Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and politician, that the members of Parliament would pay so little attention to the reading of his speech from the throne that he could interpolate any nonsense he liked without anyone's showing surprise.

Sheridan took the bet. The regent accordingly paused in the course of his address and said distinctly, "Baa, baa, black sheep," and then went on. No one took any notice of the strange words. Chagrined at the loss of his wager, Sheridan asked George Canning if he had noticed anything strange.

"Oh, yes," said Canning, "I heard the prince say, 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' but as he was looking straight at you at the time I took it for a personal allusion."

RATHER LATE

IT is almost always a professor that appears as the hero in stories of absent-mindedness. Accordingly it was a professor that—so we learn from the London Sketch—came home one day after a heavy storm in a very bedraggled condition. His wife met him at the door. As he greeted her he remarked that he had forgotten his umbrella, and his wife, astonished that he even remembered that he had forgotten anything, asked him when he had thought of it.

"Why, my dear," he said with a smile of satisfaction, "when it stopped raining, and I went to shut it."

WELL MATCHED

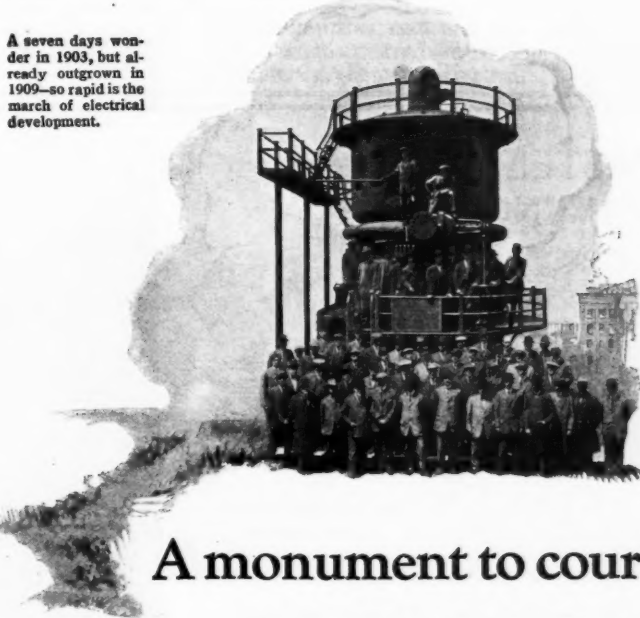
THE nervous recruit about to take his first lesson in horsemanship, says the Los Angeles Times, begged the stable sergeant to be kind enough to pick out for him a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse.

"D'ja ever ride a horse before?" growled the sergeant.

"Never," replied the rookie.

"Ah!" returned the sergeant with a sour smile. "Here's just the animal for you. He's never been ridden before. You can start out together."

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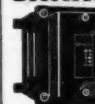
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PASTEL DRAWING

THE color pastel was probably the result of a gradual evolution. It may be that some of the early artists of the Sienese and the Umbrian school, dissatisfied with drawing merely in black upon white paper, found that by using red earth they could achieve a flesh tint, and that the discovery encouraged them to go farther afield for other colors with which to tint their drawings.

The first known example of pastel drawing is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. Two centuries after his death pastel became a popular medium with the French and had many well-known exponents, among whom are Chardin, LaTour and Madame Lebrun. The girl who intends to try pastel drawing should study the work of Madame Lebrun if possible, for it has many beautiful qualities. In the last century there were many pastel artists; among the greatest of these we find the names of Besnard, Whistler and Degas.

Two things only are necessary for the work: a few pastels and something to draw on. Be content with a limited palette, for the most beautiful effects can be obtained with few colors. Pastels come in various degrees of hardness. The beginner needs only the soft French pastel for the main body of the work and any kind of hard pastel for the detail.

The price of pastels is inconsiderable. A beginner's set should cost not more than a dollar or a dollar and a half. The following list is a good palette to begin with:

Intense black	White (cream and pure white)
Yellow	Green
Lemon yellow	Emerald green
Chrome yellow	Olive green
Yellow ochre	Sap green
Pale yellow	Grass green
Red	Brown
Purple lake	Vandyke brown
Crimson lake	French brown
Light red	Raw umber
Blue	Gray
Cobalt blue	Pale gray
Prussian blue	Gray
Indigo blue	Blue gray
Ultramarine blue	Green gray

Pastel can be used upon almost any surface, but some surfaces hold it better than others. A standard pastel paper can be obtained at any art-supply store. If you cannot get it, use paper with a rough texture; a parchment surface is good, or a very fine sandpaper. Even the surface of blotting paper will do.

Do not handle pastel as you would a pencil. It is not suited to fine-line work; your best results will come from using it to block in shapes and masses with broad lines. You must realize at the beginning that the medium is not suited to detail work.

Keep your work simple; bring out only the essential parts of the subject you are working upon. If you want to work in the sky in a landscape, take cobalt blue pastel and scribble here, there and everywhere in the space allotted to the sky until you have a closely woven network of lines. Then proceed to rub it in with your finger until you have a smooth even surface; but be sure that your finger is neither damp nor oily. Treat all masses and shapes in the same way, no matter how big or important they are.

The pastel can be removed and mistakes corrected by using pellets of bread, neither new and moist nor so stale as to be brittle. Press the bread gently against the spot from which you wish to remove the pastel, and if that does not remove all of it use a soft eraser.

When you are ready to sketch from nature provide yourself with the following equipment, aside from the box of pastels: drawing board to which you can attach the paper with thumb tacks; an easel, for without one you will find it necessary to hold the board on your knees; and a camp stool.

Choose a subject that has not too much detail—an upland pasture with a rambling stone wall, a few clumps of trees and perhaps an old cart in the foreground, or a beach seen through sand dunes with a large expanse of sky and sea.

First sketch in your subject very lightly with a piece of charcoal, as in Fig. 1, indicating only the big masses and essentials. Dust off the superfluous charcoal and begin your color work, as in Fig. 2. Choose the largest mass of local color and lay it in as broadly as possible. If you are drawing the upland pasture, you will no doubt find the greatest amount of local color in the tawny green sweeps of the pasture. If you are sketching the dunes and the sea, the largest mass of local color will be in the sky or the sweep of the ocean. When you have blocked in that largest mass, proceed to do the next largest,



Fig. 1
The landscape sketched in with charcoal



Fig. 3
The completed pastel drawing



Fig. 2
The landscape filled in with color

and so continue throughout the whole of your sketch until you have put in the smallest bit of color. Take care to get your color values right; that is, make the distance less distinct, with more blue or gray in it than you use in the foreground.

When you have established the chief color values in your sketch, focus your centre of interest. To do that, pick out the part that is most interesting and attractive in your subject and either heighten the intensity of its color or give it greater finish, and so make it the first spot your eye falls upon when you look at the sketch. You may have to use hard pastels for that, for finish usually means going into detail a little.

Use your judgment about rubbing in the pastel. Some artists like to have their work very smooth and therefore rub in the pastel a great deal; others prefer to leave it in a rough state. After you have made four or five sketches you will be able to determine which method appeals to you the more. The best results are usually obtained by combining the two methods; the sky, for example, may be rubbed in smooth and the grass and the leaves on the trees may be left with the rough technique of the untouched pastel drawing.

A finished pastel drawing has a character quite different from that of either oil or of water color. Pastel seems to have a soft ethereal quality that makes it an admirable medium for treating subjects with poetical feeling and imagination. Moreover, pastel is handy and easy to work with. It requires no mixing of colors, and no washing of brushes.

THE BRIDE GOES SHOPPING

IN the April Girls' Page we discussed the problem of buying the trousseau and the household linens. The bride may generally count on receiving silver, dishes and kitchen ware as presents, but the lists that follow will help her in buying if she finds that she has to buy.

One hundred dollars is the least with which you can manage to get glass, silver, dishes and kitchen ware. Two hundred will give more and of a much better quality. Forty dollars should cover the cost of the kitchen ware. Unless otherwise designated the pans should be of aluminum. The list of kitchen ware is as follows:

3 saucepans	1 rolling-pin
1 four-qt. art. kettlet	1 food chopper
1 two-qt. double boiler	1 can opener
1 coffeepot	1 egg beater
1 teapot	3 mixing spoons
1 covered kettle	1 set of triplicate pails (as used in fireless cooker)
1 iron frying pan	3 small deep cake tins
1 iron muffin pan	1 deep pan for pies and puddings
2 heavy tin muffin pans	6 custard cups
1 glass measuring cup	1 pudding mould
1 set of flatirons	1 grater
1 roaster	1 spatula
1 tin flour sifter	1 pall
1 set of glass mixing bowls	1 broom
1 bread board and knife	1 dustless mop
1 potato ricer	1 floor mop
1 dish pan	1 dustpan and brush
1 dish drainer	
1 paring knife	

Heavy enamel ware, the best makes of aluminum, oven glass and earthenware are the best for kitchen use. Cheap aluminum and tinware soon wear out, and cheap tinware sometimes imparts an unpleasant taste to food.

A coffeepot of aluminum is satisfactory; a

teapot should never be anything but china or earthenware, and the former is to be preferred, for the flavor of the tea is finest when made in a china pot. A glass rolling-pin, hollow, to hold cracked ice, is an aid to pastry making. A muffin pan, a frying pan, a Scotch kettle and a waffle iron will last a lifetime.

To keep within one hundred dollars and buy all the glass, dishes and silver that you need, make a list like the following:

kitchen ware	1 plant or flower bowl
dishes (stock pattern)	1 cake or salad set
silver	1 ice-cream set
1 water glass set	sundries (marmalade jar, syrup jar, etc.)
1 fruit dish	

In buying china you should choose between a set for six of good china and a set of cheaper quality that can serve eight, ten or twelve persons. Unless gifts of china supplement your purchase, it is better to get the larger set. The same is true of silverware.

In buying dishes do not expect gold banding to last. The gold used at the present time is not permanent; so buy dishes that are serviceable, regardless of the gold banding. If you buy a stock pattern from a trustworthy firm, you can buy a fifty-four-piece set and add to it, a piece at a time. A set of dishes for twelve can now be bought at sales for twenty dollars.

If you have two hundred and fifty dollars to spend for this part of your marriage outfit, you can have sterling silver, very good dishes and glass much better than that indicated in the cheaper list.

A sum of two hundred dollars will oblige you to substitute silver plate for sterling silver and to omit one set (half a dozen each) of forks and knives and the tea or chocolate set. Other extras can be cut down correspondingly.

Certain minor things should be postponed until after the wedding, so that plenty of time can be given to working out the details. Decorating the living room will be easier when you have time to plan your color scheme and to buy your ornaments. Silk or parchment lamp shades that soften the light can be made, as well as pretty covers to fit the furniture, and pillows to harmonize. If you must combine a living and a dining room, have the between-meal covers like those of a living room and choose furniture that will resemble that of a living room. The table must be on the order of a gate-legged table; the top can be finished with linseed oil and pumice so that it will be practical for dining purposes.

Leave such things as candlesticks, flower bowls and fancy dishes until you are settled, when you are better able to judge what little touches are needed.

THE PAY-AS-YOU-GO VACATION

THE girl who finds the matter of expense an obstacle to her vacation plans can perhaps get a valuable hint or so from other girls who have devised a way to take a "pay-as-you-go" outing.

One girl in a northern lake region made use of her ability to amuse children. While the mothers went on fishing trips or visited the surrounding places of interest she helped to make sand villages, took small children on voyages close to the shore or on walks to the berry fields. Since the girl in charge really enjoyed children, the work was not tedious to her, and the problem of expense took care of itself.

One woman who owned a fireless cooker kept

its three compartments at work in the service of other cottagers who wished to spend their time on the water or in side trips and so was able to make the family vacation twice as long as she had expected it to be.

A girl who had had experience in teaching used her forenoons, or a part of them, in tutoring some children who had school work to make up. Her afternoons were free, and she spent all summer at the vacation resort instead of merely the three weeks that she had thought she could afford.

A typist sent cards to all the hotels and cottages saying that she would answer business correspondence, make out hotel menus or send out letters extolling the merits of the resort to prospective visitors. For the last-mentioned work her services were sought because she put human interest into her writing that did not appear in the usual descriptive circulars.

One girl and her brother gave swimming lessons. Every morning and every afternoon they had large classes of persons who were eager to learn from some one who was really expert.

Another girl met her entire vacation expenses by taking, finishing and selling small photographs. "Few vacationists get good pictures; either they don't know how to gauge the lights on the water or they fail to pick out the really beautiful points of interest; maybe they want to be in the picture themselves; so I am always getting commissions to take pictures," she explained. She did the finishing herself and found that good snapshots were usually in great demand.

Many resorts are a considerable distance from the small town on which they depend for their supplies. People on vacation dislike to make trips to town, and so one girl seized the opportunity to shop for the others. A slight payment from the cottager and a small commission from the merchants kept her in spending money all summer.

Candy makers need only set up shop to be successful, because all vacationists have a sweet tooth and the ordinary village store does not fill the demand for sweets. Baking small cakes or frying doughnuts is another way to earn enough to extend the holiday.

The right sort of girl can act as guide for a locality. If she knows the points of interest in the neighborhood,—the best fishing holes, the side trips and the berry patches,—she may find her services in steady demand.

When your vacation is done take stock of your abilities; plan your campaign for the next year and when the time comes go forth confident that, if you are willing to give a part of your time to it, you can readily make a large share of your expenses.

SOFT-BALL GAMES

HIT OR MISS.—The players count out to see who shall be "it"; then all the others scatter and choose each a tree, shrub or stump for a base. If the game is held indoors, a corner of the room, a window or any other definite thing can be used. The players beckon to one another to exchange places; and as they change, "it" tries to hit them with the ball. A player who is hit has one chance to throw the ball and hit "it." If she fails, she takes the place of "it." When many players take part the game goes faster if there are two or three "its" and each has a ball.

CAPTAIN DASH.—The players divide into two equal groups; each group chooses a captain and then, facing her, lines up about ten feet in front of her. Each captain toes a line and tosses her ball to the first player in her group, then to the second, and so on until the ball has passed along the entire line and has been returned to the captain by the last girl. The captains then run forward; each passes once round her group and runs back. The side wins whose captain first crosses her starting line.

CATCH AND RUN.—The players divide into two or more teams, with four players on each team; then each team counts off—1, 2, 3, 4. The teams stand well apart, and two players of each face the other two. At a signal No. 1 in each team throws the ball to No. 2, then No. 2 throws to No. 3, No. 3 to No. 4, No. 4 back to No. 1. When No. 1 catches the ball she hops three times on her left foot and three times on her right and then tosses the ball to No. 2. The ball goes the rounds until No. 2 has it again when she in her turn hops and then throws to No. 3. The game continues until each one of the four has hopped. Finally No. 4, the last to hop, throws the ball to No. 1. The team wins whose No. 1 first catches the ball on the last throw. If a player drops the ball and has to chase it, she must go back to her place before she resumes play. Other exercises, as for example arm bending and stretching, or "scissors" jumping, can be substituted for hopping.

Ask any questions you wish
about the contents of this page.
They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE
EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

SINGLE-TRACK TOURING

BICYCLES and motor cycles have fascinated youth for a quarter of a century. Even before the automobile the bicycle gave highway improvement a tremendous impetus; old-timers remember with enthusiasm the roadside paths, sometimes running hundreds of miles, that their influence brought into existence. The path from Prospect Park in Brooklyn to Coney Island was one of the most famous. Others followed the famous trails, like that through the Mohawk Valley, or connected cities in the thickly settled regions of the East.

The bicycle set thousands to touring. It was the proud boast of every rider that he could make his "century"; that is, his hundred miles a day. Racers and time breakers drove from New York to Chicago with hardly a rest. The boundless West attracted countless riders, and they were many who drove their wheels from coast to coast—a task that included surmounting huge mountain ranges, crossing deserts that tried their courage and traveling over roadways where gumbo and alkali tested their utmost skill and endurance.

Then some one, putting a small gasoline motor on a bicycle frame, obtained a machine of a speed and endurance that no single-tracker had ever had before. When the frame was made heavier the tires were made larger and the motor cycle attained its present efficiency; it can travel sixty or eighty miles on a gallon of fuel and speed over ordinary modern highways three or four times as fast as the old-time bicycle rider could pedal on his hundred-mile runs.

The motor cycle and the bicycle have lost none of their charm. For one who seeks a wonderful experience there is nothing better than a bicycle or motor-cycle tour either from coast to coast or over the Three Nations Trail from Canada to Mexico.

The motor cycle with a side car enables a tourist to carry a large outfit for one person or a small outfit for two—all, that is, that anyone really needs on a camping trip. The bicycle rider, if his machine is equipped with a rear-wheel and a handlebar luggage carrier, can carry everything he needs except food, and he can carry enough food at the rate of two pounds a day for a week or two.

But touring on a bicycle requires especial care in selecting an outfit. The spectacle of a young man starting out on a long trip with a great pack on his back, bundles on his handlebars and an enormous burden over his rear wheel on a luggage carrier is pathetic. One inexperienced tripper, so burdened, said his outfit weighed one hundred and forty pounds. He had a tent, waterproofs, blanket, spare clothes, food for many days, though he was passing towns every hour, and cooking utensils enough for a party of four, though they were taxing his strength and wearing out his stamped bearings and undersized tires.

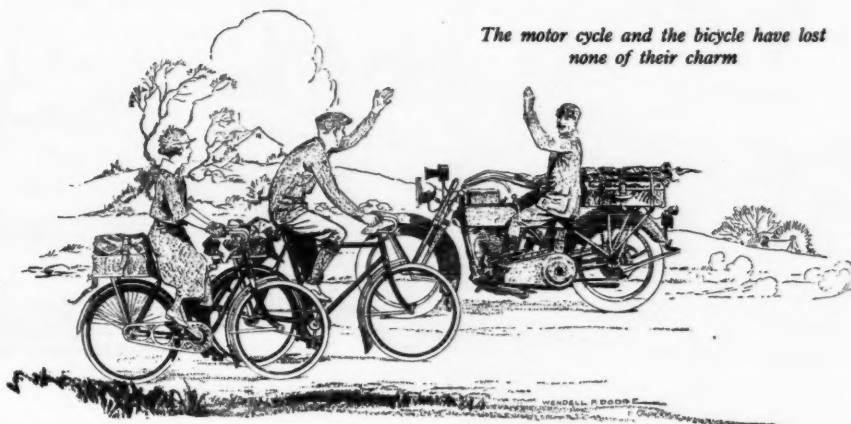
A bicyclist's camping outfit should weigh less than fifty pounds. All that he really needs is a nested mess kit, a blanket, a four-pound tent or a waterproof canvas sheet, extra clothes, a canteen (a quart in settled regions, a gallon in arid lands) and a camera.

A rider should select food suitable to the region in which he is going to travel. He should carry no burden on his back, waist or any part of his person. Holsters, luggage carriers or bags should hold everything, and they should be fastened directly to the machine. Burdens should be so placed as to keep the centre of gravity low; any pendulous motion of the luggage must be prevented. Nor is there any need to burden yourself when riding on a motor cycle. The motor will carry almost as much as can be stacked on it, but even so the rule holds true that the lighter the outfit the greater the comfort and ease of travel.

Bicycling costs perhaps a dollar a day if the tourist camps out. If he cooks his own meals he saves two thirds of the ordinary expense, and if he knows how to cook in camp he can live much better and have less indigestion than if he were to eat the messes served at some restaurants and hotels.

In arranging a schedule for a bicycle tour you can count on going forty or fifty miles a day over improved roads. But in the region west of the Mississippi and east of the Sierras the best roads are rough and difficult. The deserts and mountains are indeed inspiring, but you must walk up long grades and descend grades equally long, often with smoking brakes. You must keep your brakes always in good condition.

Counting all expenses, a motor-cycle tour costs three or four cents a mile. In the remotest places your gasoline will cost as much as seventy-five cents a gallon, about a cent a mile. Your tires should be the best you can buy. Every part of your machine you should keep in perfect order. Replacing a worn part with a new one before you start may save a bad accident or a



The motor cycle and the bicycle have lost none of their charm

long tramp, especially in those regions where the houses, let alone the towns, are fifty or a hundred miles apart.

Mud, sand, alkali and cobble washes are the bane of the rider; ruts are annoying and treacherous. But after all, hard going is a relative term. In the West riders dart on their motor cycles across prairies that to those who are used to the concrete and "oilskin" roads of Eastern states seem nearly impossible to ride on. If you will take the roads as they come and dare the woods paths and even the rabbit runways, if you will not flinch from the sage-land roads or even from the caked earth of the wide deserts, you will get your reward in a new exhilaration.

Where to go? The road maps offer tens of thousands of miles to your choice. If you are willing to meet the difficulties without flinching, to overcome the obstacles, whether of expense or storm or exertion, nothing can mar your enjoyment except one thing: the lack of definite knowledge of the easily learned essentials. Those essentials are the ability to make a camp and to do simple, wholesome cooking, the good sense not to overdo, a mind made up to enjoy everything and a heart open to the wonders that abound along every road and round every bend.

Well-fitting bicycle shoes for pedaling, heavy-soled, strong shoes for motorcycling, woollens to avert chills when the heat of day becomes the raw cold of night—those also are things not to be omitted.

TODAY'S MY FRIEND

*I don't know much about Tomorrow;
I've never seen her yet.
She may be very fair, Tomorrow,
But still I don't regret
That we have never met.
Today's my friend, my comrade; she's
true blue.
And in my heart I haven't room for two.
Have you?*

NEW DAHLIAS

THERE is a new type of dahlia that is unrivaled for the small garden. It is a dwarf variety that seldom grows more than two feet high, but that blossoms just as freely as the larger kinds and over as long a season. The new type is called the Mignon, but there is one very charming variety that goes under the name of Peter Pan. In appearance the little dahlias must resemble the larger decorative and single forms. They are very handsome when massed in small formal beds, but they are just as useful for filling vacant spaces that are sure to occur from time to time in hardy borders. They are not tall enough to overtop the perennials and never seem out of place. They can be used to advantage for producing a fall crop of flowers among the peonies and the irises. The blossoms last well when cut and are distinctly decorative in the house.

Another comparatively new type is the collarette dahlia, which is different in appearance from any other form. The outside petals are single, but in the centre there is a secondary growth of much smaller petals that resembles a collar and

that accounts for the name. The collar is usually of a different shade or perhaps an entirely different color from the outer petals, and that produces an odd but not unattractive effect. The collarette dahlias are taller than the Mignons, but much lighter in growth than the cactus and show types.

Duplex dahlias are a puzzle to many amateurs. The name has been given to identify dahlias that some growers list as peony-flowered and others as singles. The flowers are semidouble, with a centre almost exposed at the opening of the bud, with petals in more than one row but not over three rows, and with more than twelve petals. The petals of the duplex dahlias may be long and flat or broad and round, but are not twisted or curled. They are a particularly good kind to grow for cutting, as the flowers last a long while and the plants bloom very freely.

JUST WHITEWASH

IN the good old days the whitewash brush was in constant use on every farm. A liberal application of whitewash brightened up the buildings. The coating of lime prolonged the lives of fences and buildings that otherwise would soon have rotted away. How an orchard looked up, and how clean and fresh the tree trunks appeared after a liberal coating of whitewash! There was no spraying in those days, for it wasn't so necessary where the whitewash brush was applied frequently.

White fences brightened up the lane and seemed to beckon to the traveler and invite a closer inspection of the premises. For a mile along the road in either direction the line of whitewashed posts attracted attention and suggested that here was a farm where cleanliness abounded, and where no one need hesitate to buy food.

Many persons object to whitewash on the ground that it soon becomes flaky and scales off. That objection is easily overcome by mixing a little glue with the whitewash. It will then stick almost as well as paint. In the days when merchants placed their advertisements on board fences along the roads the painters used a mixture of whitewash and glue as a background for their signs, and most of the signs lasted as long as the fences.

LOVE CASTS OUT FEAR

DAVID was about nine years old, and like many other children of his age was afraid of the dark. Nobody had made him afraid. His parents never told him ghost stories, or frightened him with "black men," or sent him down cellar, or made him sleep in a dark room away off by himself. Everything had been done to keep him from such fear; nevertheless, he was afraid.

A psychologist might offer an elaborate explanation—might talk learnedly of David's ancestors, so far back that no number of "greats" would make them seem real, who lived in the woods where fearsome things abounded. If a boy was so reckless as to stray from the camp fire at night, he was promptly snapped up by some prowling beast that was looking for a boy of just that size for supper. In those days a boy who was afraid of the dark was a good boy, an obedient

NAMING THE FARM

THE business value of giving an appropriate and distinguishing name to the farm or estate is now generally recognized; the social importance and the sentimental interest of such a name have long been accepted.

Since the Editor of the Family Page first offered to help in selecting such names, a great number of Companion readers have availed themselves of the service. For use in the work the Editor of the Family Page has prepared a selected and classified list of several hundred names and a table of the prefixes and suffixes that have been found most valuable in suiting individual circumstances.

Any Companion subscriber who desires a copy of the List of Farm Names can get it by writing to the Editor of the Family Page, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., inclosing a two-cent stamp and the name and address to which The Companion goes.

son, who minded his mother when she said, "Eldad, don't you dare to go off into the dark!"

David's parents were intelligent people, and so they did not threaten him or punish him. They waited and watched for the thing that would come into David's life and crowd out the fear that possessed him.

By and by David's instinct for a pet asserted itself. He wanted a dog; he wanted it more than toys, ice cream, home or mother. It was his one constant and absorbing thought. It permeated every fibre of his being. To have a real, live puppy would be heaven on earth. Why? Why does a person want more of what tastes good? Why is a nestful of eggs so utterly precious and adorable to a hen?

He got his dog—a collie puppy, round, fat and woolly. The love that boy lavished upon that little wad of wooliness was worth a cynic's tear. He fed it, petted it, scolded it; he saw in it all that was wonderful and told as many tales of its marvelous performances as a mother tells of her baby.

The boy's cup was full, but it held one drop of bitterness. His dog had to sleep in the cellar, that cavernous hole, black as pitch, full of horrors. Not for all the treasures of boy heaven nor for all the pains of boy perdition would David have ventured one step down there. Yet every night his precious dog was sent into that chamber of horrors. Twice David bore it, standing at the top of the stairs with wide-open eyes and a stilled heart until the darkness had swallowed the precious form of his pet.

The third night came. He could stand it no longer. "Father, my dog shall not go down there alone!" he cried and seized a candle, lighted it and, as bravely as any soldier facing the cannon's mouth, he led the way down cellar and put his dog to bed.

That settled his fear of the dark. Love had cast it out. A few nights later when his father forgot his latchkey David crawled through the cellar window, felt his way to the stairs and opened the door on the inside; and he did not even whistle.

David is older now. He and his dog are still inseparable friends. He has learned many lessons from his four-footed teacher. His parents have learned something too; learned convincingly things that they just believed before. They know now that at a certain time in a boy's life the love of a dog is the strongest and most ennobling passion of his heart, and that it can be made the motive of the most noble endeavor of his life. They know too that child nature needs genuine interests if the development of character is to be natural and steady, and that the faults that cannot be driven out by other means can be flooded out by a rising tide of new impulses that leaves the young heart sweet and clean.

EXCHANGING LESSONS FOR HOUSEWORK

IN almost every community there are ambitious young girls, members of families with limited incomes, who are glad to perform housework for a few hours a day in exchange for instruction in shorthand or for music or drawing lessons—often just for instruction in English.

Statistics show that a large proportion of women who marry are self-supporting. Then it often happens that a girl who has been accustomed to a good salary marries a man whose income does not permit her to keep a maid; or the young wife may become discouraged over a succession of inefficient helpers; or a longing for her old-time work may possess her.

A young mother made an exchange by which she got her dishes washed, her silver cleaned, the rooms kept in order and many other tasks accomplished daily. She taught her little helper shorthand, for she had been an expert stenographer before her marriage. Soon she had more volunteers as kitchen aids than she could use.

She continued to exchange teaching for housework for some years. The age of the girls she employed was on the average sixteen years, and she says that in every instance the girl was far superior to the ordinary helper from an employment agency. In talking about the experiment she emphasized the fact that a girl ambitious enough to do housework in order to fit herself for a position was pretty sure to be a good helper.

A definite understanding must be had with the girl as to the nature of the duties she is to perform. Her work should be arranged by schedule and certain tasks performed at certain stated times. If that plan is followed, the results will be much better than they could possibly be with an elastic system of doing the work. Such an exchange of work is more satisfactory when it is a purely cooperative arrangement, for the helper may resent being treated like a servant, although when she is just "helping" she does not in the least mind answering the bell or the telephone.

Principals of grammar and high schools often know of pupils who would be glad to do such work in exchange for instruction.

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The BOYS' PAGE

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YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



A MINIATURE VILLAGE

This drawing was made to suggest some of the possibilities of toy communities.
Play of this kind is constructive in every sense of the word

TO build in the back yard a miniature village is an undertaking worthy of the best skill of anyone who likes to create new objects from commonplace materials. It will occupy spare time in ways so varied as never to become tiresome, will teach many a valuable lesson in mechanics and construction and will provide the builder with an ever-growing set of models and an artificial landscape of much interest to his friends.

A pile of fine sand mixed with sufficient clay to form a natural hardpan—the material used in constructing the sand-pile village described in *The Companion* for June 12, 1919—is best for modeling the landscape, but other earths can be used. Pure clay is good if you do not care for vegetation. Loam or gravel can be covered with turf so that it will not wash away after modeling. A pile of rocks or an outcropping ledge is an excellent place for a difficult bit of railway construction with trestlework.

If possible, plant grass on your land, both to make things look natural and to hold the soil in place and keep mud from spattering the houses. If grass will not grow, you will do well to protect your houses from spattering by surrounding them with flat stones sunk flush with the soil. Transplanted cedar, birch and pine seedlings satisfactorily simulate full-sized trees. A small rivulet diverted from a neighboring brook or having its source in the garden hose is of great value, but if you cannot use real water you can represent lakes and quiet rivers with pieces of glass backed with tin foil the edges of which are hidden under sloping banks.

To reproduce your own town or other actual place get a Geological Survey map, which shows the lie of the land by means of contour lines, and model the landscape from the map according to the general method indicated in the sketch. Pegs driven into the ground to outline the general shape of a hill, as shown by its lowest contour line, or to mark such things as the course of roads and rivers and the situation of churches, grade crossings and factories, are valuable aids in such rough modeling. A scale of ten feet to the mile, in which one half inch equals twenty-two feet, is convenient, and a model on that scale is most interesting if carefully made with tiny houses of wood blocks; but unless you exaggerate the vertical scale, as it has been exaggerated in the figure to make the hill visible, the relief will be slight and a church spire one hundred and thirty-two feet high will be only a meagre three inches. But, as when you change the vertical scale buildings begin to appear out of proportion, it is usually better to build a smaller part of an imaginary country on a larger scale, say one half inch to the foot, and to model the mountains just as you would like them.

Of course the miniature landscape or town will require a railway, and, as it is likely that the railway will be the centre of interest, it will set the scale for the whole work. The advantage of having a definite scale is that it permits you to keep all parts of your town in proportion and enables you to make houses, bridges, aeroplanes and boats from detailed drawings intended for builders of the actual objects. Whether you buy your cars, locomotives, track, signal equipment and other accessories from some one of the American manufacturers who are offering extremely attractive electric-railway equipment for sale, or make your own rolling stock from spools, sheet tin, light boxwood and other inexpensive and readily available materials, bear in mind that the standard track gauge is fifty-six and a half inches and that a passenger coach is sixty-five or more feet long. One half inch to the foot, the scale just recommended, is approximately that used in building the miniature railway equipment described in *The Companion* for October 1, 1914, and also the toy pile driver and merry-go-round, in *The Companion* for February 10, 1921.

If the land of your miniature village does not slope all in one direction, so that trains will run

by gravity, you must provide some form of propulsion other than hand power. Fig. 1 represents a capstan power station that will serve in place of a locomotive propelled either by electricity or clockwork. A wire hook fastened to the under body of the locomotive engages a ring in the power cord. The capstan, made from a large spool or other cylinder, can be turned by hand or by a belt attached to a water motor operated by the garden hose at the source of the river, or to the rear wheel of an inverted bicycle from which the tire has been removed. Miniature aerostats, merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels can likewise be operated by capstan engines, but where the power is derived from a bicycle wheel or a motor the construction must be more substantial than when the hand only is used; and a vertical wheel moving a double overhead trolley may be found to function better than the horizontal wheel and the ground cable shown.

Stationary bridges and drawbridges, crossing gates, hoisting machinery and a multitude of other mechanical contrivances can be made from the metal construction sets that all toy dealers sell, but you will have less compunction about leaving such things permanently in place out of doors if you have made them yourself from homely materials. Fig. 2 suggests what can be done with parts easily picked up about the house or workshop. The hand-operated crane can be made from thin wood, spools and simple metal parts. It can be mounted on a flat car as part of a wrecking train or set permanently on a dock or at the mouth of a mine or a quarry.

Houses can be constructed part by part from wooden pieces cut with a jig saw and painted, or

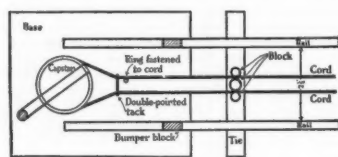


Fig. 1

they can be made more simply of wooden boxes of appropriate size. The clear gelatin base of an ordinary camera film makes an excellent substitute for window glass after it has been soaked for a few hours in warm water and the loosened emulsion has been scraped off.

If the miniature village is built to be kept indoors, equally attractive but less rain-proof buildings can be made out of wall board or stout cardboard sections glued together and shellacked after windows, doors, shutters and clapboards or bricks have been painted in. Granite paper, formerly in much favor for kitchen walls, when pasted smooth on the model and shellacked for protection represents stucco admirably. Ribbed cardboard suggests tile roofs, and fireproof shingles can be cut to form unbroken walls and roofs that are durable under all sorts of conditions.

If you have a lake or running water, you may want model boats and wharves and will find it interesting to make bridges, culverts, tunnels and

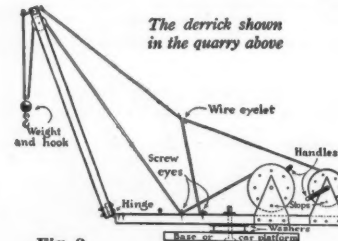


Fig. 2

a mudless stream bed. For small concrete work a mixture of two parts of clean washed sand to one part of cement and enough water to make a thick paste is satisfactory. Reinforcing is unnecessary. Shellac or cover the inner surface of the wooden mould with paraffin before you pour in the mixture and do not remove the form until the concrete has set for at least forty-eight hours. You can give the appearance of block construction to a finished bridge by coating it with another thin layer of the mixture and marking it regularly with a sharp stick. Plaster of Paris, which you can buy in small quantities more conveniently than cement, makes beautiful models if properly mixed by dropping it into water a little at a time until every particle is thoroughly soaked, and then poured into smooth moulds. For many purposes tiny bricks made of plaster of Paris or of concrete in the manner suggested in *The Companion* for January 2, 1913, are better than entire models.

A canal with locks is an interesting thing to make. Roads for vehicles can be made of coarse gravel, of bricks laid flush with the ground, or simply of tamped earth. Electric-light lines can be equipped with flash-light bulbs and furnished with power by concealed batteries. Scale models of aeroplanes can be made from the split bamboo sections of worn-out porch curtains and can be parked in front of miniature hangars. Factories, mines, forts, elevated lines, subways, churches and numberless other adjuncts of a complete community will doubtless suggest themselves.

Many of the models will suffer from exposure during the winter, but the winter need not interrupt your work on the village. The least hardy buildings and rolling stock you can bring indoors where younger brothers and sisters will enjoy them, and, if you have drawn any plan of your project, you can proceed with your new construction in the workshop and set the finished buildings out when spring comes again.

FRESH-WATER PEARLS

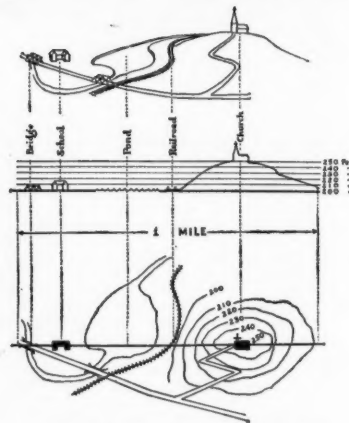
THE search for fresh-water pearls is an interesting one and will reward you generously—perhaps in cash, perhaps only in the satisfaction of the hunt. Pearls are found most frequently throughout the Mississippi drainage and in the streams tributary to the Great Lakes, but there is no state in the Union where they have not been found.

To learn how and where to look for fresh-water pearls and what to do with them when you have found them read the *Boys' Page* of *The Companion* for July, 1922, and *The Companion's* supplementary leaflet, *Fresh-Water Pearls and the Mussel Shell Gathering Industry*. For both send seven cents in stamps; for the leaflet alone send a two-cent stamp. Address the Editor of the *Boys' Page*, *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Massachusetts.

KEEPING ON THE MAIN ROAD

RAY BURTON had just been graduated from the county high school in Milton and was debating with himself whether to go to college or to accept a place as dispenser of soda water in the village drug store. Although he was more level-headed than many boys of his age, he was wavering. From early boyhood he had cherished the ambition of going to college and then studying law. His family were in ordinary circumstances, however, and when Ray graduated he realized that if he was to get a college education he would have to dig in and earn it.

"Might I not do the work at the drug store for a year or two, uncle, and then go on to college?" Ray asked of his uncle, Henry Raymond, a staunch old farmer of the foothills.



A method for projecting a landscape from a map. In the foreground is the map; just above it is a cross section at the line drawn across the map. At the top is a view of the scene as it would appear from a near-by hill

"Well, you might," Uncle Henry replied; "some boys could, and some couldn't. The odds would be against you. But don't try to decide so soon. You are going to stay with me a week; ease your mind during that time; then maybe you will see things clearer when the time for final decision comes. Besides, your Aunt Maremma has asked us over to see her, and we shall have plenty of time to think about it while we are going over."

Mr. Raymond, if he had wished, could have cranked up the car and gone over to his sister's in a few hours; but he chose instead to trudge through the mountains, following the winding mountain road that led down and then up, down and then up. Ray had been on many such walks with his uncle, but the day was warm and the rocks hurt his feet; so when it began to grow dark and the lights of Carter bloomed out a mile or so off the road they were following he suggested that they turn down and spend the night in the town.

"That wouldn't do," his uncle replied, rather sternly, Ray thought.

"Why not?" Ray asked, a little surprised, for the way was becoming more difficult with the waning light.

"Because we should lose a night. We must keep on the main road and not waste any time loitering by the wayside, if we expect to get to Aunt Maremma's tomorrow, as I wrote her we should."

So they trudged on for a good two hours more. The little remaining light faded out of the sky, and night settled down. There was no moon, and it became more and more difficult to keep the road. Ray's feet became sorer and sorer until it seemed as if he could not take another step, but at last they reached a little mountain inn perched on a bit of level ground by the roadside. There they passed the night, but they were up early the next morning and well on their way when the sun sent its first rays across the country and touched the roofs of the town where Ray had wished to stop the night before.

"Now see where we should have been if we had turned off the main road when you wished to, last night," Uncle Henry reminded Ray as he pointed down toward the town, a good twelve miles away.

"I see," Ray replied thoughtfully, "we should have lost a great deal of time, and the way would have been longer."

"You are right. And it is the same way with life. If you are to reach your goal, it pays to keep on the main road."

Ray entered college that fall and worked his way through, until he received the coveted bachelor's degree. He may not succeed in the law, but the chances are that he will, for he has learned to keep to the main road and keep traveling through all kinds of weather.



The Safe Bat for Boys, Too

Famous Sluggers like Ty Cobb long ago learned what bat they could depend on. It's the safe bat for boys, too. Read this letter from a boy:

Maryville, Kansas, April 7, 1923.
Dear Sir, Last Monday was my birthday. I received one of your bats and think it's a fine one. Today we played the neighbor's team. We beat it 2 to 1. I knocked two home runs. I am proud of it. Other boys don't know what they are missing if they don't have a Louisville SLUGGER.

Yours truly,
FRANK S. SCHMIDT.

FREE BOOK on Batting

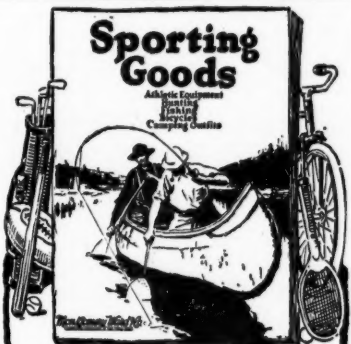
Now ready—"The Winning Punch"—Tells how Famous Sluggers line 'em out. Get your free copy where you buy your Louisville SLUGGER bats or write a postal card to

Hillerich & Bradsby Co.
751 S. Preston St. Louisville, Ky.
Ask the Bat Boy—He Knows

The picture shows No. 40TCJ Ty Cobb Autograph Model for boys. The same design Cobb has used for 18 years except in a smaller size. 32 inches long. Price \$1.00.



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GRANULAR LIDS

GRANULAR lids is a term that can be applied to several forms of inflammation of the eyes, some serious, and others not. One form, trachoma, is a very grave contagious disease, which, if neglected, often causes blindness. One of the milder forms of granular lids is called follicular conjunctivitis. This chiefly affects children, and it is marked by the appearance of soft, round nodules on the inner surface of the eyelids. Often there is no true inflammation, but the child complains of some irritation in the eyes, which is made worse by reading or writing. The eyes are also abnormally sensitive to light. In many cases the trouble is owing to visual defects that can easily be corrected by properly fitted glasses.

Another disease sometimes called granular lids is also known as spring catarrh, or vernal conjunctivitis. It appears, as its name implies, in the spring or early summer and goes away, or improves greatly, in the late summer and autumn when the sunlight is less intense. When the disease has lasted some time numerous elevations form within the lids.

We do not know what causes vernal conjunctivitis, but it is believed by some to be owing to the action of the chemical or actinic light rays. It does not always yield to treatment, but the patient can escape much discomfort if he uses amber-colored glasses.

The most serious form of granulated lids is trachoma. That disease is supposed to be of great antiquity and to have arisen first in Egypt, where eye diseases are very prevalent. It occurs now in all parts of the world, but especially in southern and eastern Europe, or wherever there is much crowding of underfed and uncleanly populations. In the more acute form the inflammation is intense and the pain severe; the eyes cannot support the light, and there is a constant discharge of tears and pus. In milder cases, or when the first sharp symptoms have subsided, there is much discomfort, but little pain and only a slight discharge. Recovery may occur, but more often the inner membrane of the lids becomes scarred and contracted, the eyelashes turn inward, causing constant irritation of the eyeball and, in some cases, blindness.

One who has trachoma ought to sleep alone and have his own washbasin, towels and handkerchiefs, which no one else should use under any circumstances.

TAMING A SPIDER

WE like spiders about the house no better than poor little Miss Muffet liked them; they are unsightly, and their webs, unless we sweep them clear the minute they are spun, may cause gossip among housekeeping neighbors. But to some of our readers the spider doubtless is interesting and attractive. They will be glad to learn that one of the few students of spiders in this country once succeeded in taming an ordinary garden or house spider.

A fully grown specimen, she says, was captured and placed in a wide-mouthed half-ounce bottle, which was laid on its side on the library table. Every day the creature was given a small drop of water and one house fly or more. The flies were fed to her by placing one in a bottle similar to that in which she was caged, holding a card over the mouth of the bottle that contained the fly, withdrawing the cork from the spider's bottle and placing the two bottles mouth to mouth and then removing the card. At once the spider would rush into the second bottle, seize the fly and return with it into her own bottle. She soon learned to run to the mouth of the bottle whenever I approached with water or with a fly.

After a few days the cork was taken out of her own bottle so that she could come and go at will. She would wander about the table, crawling over and round books and papers, but would always hasten back to her bottle when frightened. She had spun a small web in it with a crude retreat at the farther end. She learned so readily to come for food and water that I am led to wonder if Fabre's contention that every act that a spider performs is "impelled by an instinct that has come down to it through untold generations" is not subject to some modification.



FREE

A Vitalic Bike Cap to boys who will write for it.

Get Out the Old Bike—and Use It

Renew It With Vitalics

Many an old bike is lying around unused—waiting for a rider. Nine times out of ten a new pair of good tires is all that is necessary to put it in running order. Brush off the cobwebs and dust—equip that old bicycle with a pair of Vitalics.

Vitalics can be depended on. They have been the choice of boys and men for over ten years. For real endurance, freedom from punctures and real wearing qualities, there is nothing to equal Vitalics.

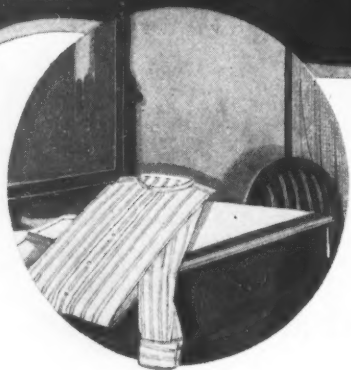
Big bicycle makers like Excelsior, Iver Johnson, and others put nothing except Vitalic Tires on their finest wheels.

"Tougher than Elephant Hide" describes Vitalic qualities exactly. It is a slogan that thousands of boys have proven for themselves. Your bicycle dealer sells Vitalics. Insist on them when you equip the old bike or buy the new one.

Continental Rubber Works
1972 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

"TOUGHER THAN ELEPHANT HIDE"



Soaking with P and G in lukewarm water, and light rubbing between the hands, will clean cuff-edges and neckbands of men's shirts. This method lengthens "shirt-lives."

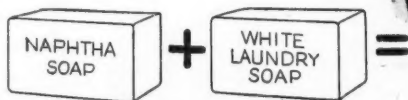


Baby's bibs and dresses, on which food has been spilled, are white and sweet after washing with P and G.



Kitchen towels soon get gray and stained—regular washing with P and G will keep them white and fresh. P and G removes grease instantly.

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined



Speed and Safety

Men's Linen is in your care

Make it count *for*, not *against* them

More often than most women realize, the condition of their husbands' and sons' personal linen, observed in the office, in club locker-rooms, at social functions, counts subtly *for* or *against*.

Men's linen is in women's care. It is fresh and white, or gray and untidy, largely as women ordain.

It is not enough merely to engage a good *laundress* to wash men's shirts and underclothes and handkerchiefs. She must have a good *soap* to work with.

Good work is impossible without good soap. And soaps differ widely.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is not merely a good soap—it is a unique soap, because it *combines* in a single soap the good qualities which may be found, one by one, in many soaps.

P and G is *white*
dissolves *quickly* and *completely*
loosens all dirt without *hard rubbing*
acts on the *dirt*—not on fabrics or colors
rinses out *entirely*

So, *naturally* the clothes must come out clean and fresh.

Your laundress will be *glad* to use P and G, because it saves her time and energy—it requires less boiling and hard rubbing, and that *saves the clothes, too!* Just try it on men's cuffs and shirt-bands!

Because P and G is more effective than any other soap, it has become the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

